

Ge
929.2
G3501g
no.3
Jan.1923
1585784

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 03576 8750

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
125 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK 19

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
125 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK 19

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
125 WEST 47TH STREET
NEW YORK 19

NO. 3



NUMBER THREE
JANUARY, 1923

1585784

THE GIBBS FAMILY
BULLETIN



DR. HOWARD A. GIBBS
Boston, Mass.



KATHARINE GIBBS ALLEN
Watertown, Mass.



FRED R. GIBBS
Providence, R. I.



ROBERT A. GIBBS
Los Angeles, Cal.



DR. J. B. GIBBS
Burnsville, N. C.

THE GIBBS FAMILY BULLETIN

NUMBER 3

JANUARY, 1923

ANCESTORS

By Ethel Brooks Stillwell

(Published by Courtesy of the Youth's Companion and of the Author)

My life may seem but a small gray thing, but gray, as you understand,
May come of a thousand brilliant hues combined by a master hand.
Rare bright tapestry threads run through this little gray life of mine—
Cool strong linen threads, warm soft wools and silken ones rich and fine.
Threads of ancestors! Meek or bold, venturesome, staid or gay,
A living spirit of every one thrills on through my soul today.

Great-Great-Grandfather Godfrey—a marvelous thread for him!
Through blood and flame to a deathless name that time can never bedim;
Godfrey battled at Bunker Hill, eager and young and bold.
Ah, what a thread is Godfrey's now, scarlet and flame and gold!

Fair young Patty was Godfrey's bride, courteous, sweet, serene;
Shining silver this thread of hers, shadowed with rose and green.

Whence is this small black thread of fear—this impulse to count the cost?
Was there a craven weakling once? 'Tis well that his name is lost!
Well that his small black thread to me is banded and crossed again
By splendid purples from grand old James, who marched with his
marching men

From black defeat at the Brandywine to victory on Champlain!
James fought Indians, founded forts, conquered by hand and brain.

Winsome Nancy with auburn curls, Timothy bold and gay,
Proud old Aaron and gentle John, Cynthia quaint and gray,
Down the line to a slim young lad, whose blood of the pioneers
Called him to conquer the untamed West, a struggle of forty years.
Aye, and he conquered! Through fire and flood, hunger and pain and cold—
George, my father, who spun for me this thread of the purest gold.

Anne, whose wonderful eyes held fires of fancy and poesie,
Anne, who never had time to write, but handed her dream to me.

George, my father, my mother, Anne, your threads with an equal pride
I take and pattern as best I may, weaving them side by side,
Pass them proudly to George, my son, striving to hold them true.
Ah, will he ever look back to me as I look back to you?

Threads of ancestors! Grave and gay, venturesome, meek and bold,
Living still in the rainbow skein my wondering fingers hold.

Far in the dim uncertain years, how shall the pattern grow?
What of the thread I shall add to these? Not I but my sons shall know.

FOREWORD

With this number the Gibbs Family Bulletin enlarges its scope in order to represent the interests of the Gibbs Family Association of America. The two previous numbers issued in 1921 and 1922 were fostered and financed by the Blandford branch of the family and a large edition of No. 2 was published and distributed for propaganda purposes. That this work has borne fruit is evidenced by the fact that there are now several state and local branches interested and a national organization known as The Gibbs Family Association of America, regularly incorporated, which has assumed the responsibility of publishing the Bulletin and making it a part of its regular family work. This is as it should be, and the Blandford branch gladly resigns the task which it had voluntarily assumed in publishing the two previous numbers. The Bulletin in the future will represent the interests of the National Association as well as the various branches and thus become a medium of communication and a bond of union between *all* the Gibbs kin of America.

The national organization of the Gibbs family, officially known as the Gibbs Family Association of America, came into existence as a matter of orderly growth and expansion. As early as 1847 an attempt was made to unite the family group for the purpose of establishing claim to property in England supposed to belong to members of the family in America. In this connection Montgomery B. Gibbs of Chicago published his book "A Golden Legacy to the Gibbs Family in America." He did much valuable genealogical work and aroused considerable interest in the Gibbs family among the kinsmen. From that time a number of branches of the family widely scattered over the United States have been in the habit of holding occasional reunions.

In 1921, after two years of preliminary work, the descendants of Israel and Mary Gibbs of Blandford, Mass., known as the Blandford branch, held their first reunion at Blandford with one hundred and twenty kinsmen present.

The circulation of Bulletin No. 2 by this branch brought a large correspondence with members of other branches and stimulated a desire for a general organization. This desire found expression in a call for a meeting signed by prominent members of the family throughout the United States. This call was sent to several hundred of the kinsmen wherever they could be located.

CALL FOR MEETING TO THE GIBBS FAMILY OF AMERICA

The Gibbs Family has been in America for nearly three hundred years. Its history is co-existent with that of the country itself. It has borne an honorable part in the life of the nation and handed down to us a record of character and achievement for ten generations which should be a guide and inspiration for the generations to come.

This wealth of family history and character should be brought to bear through a family association to perpetuate the traditions of the past and to upbuild the family and national life of the future.

On every hand there is a demand today for a revival of the spirit of true Americanism, and it is for us whose ancestral roots strike deep down into our national existence, and in whose veins flows the blood of the men who cleared the forests and bridged the streams and paved here in America the highways of civilization,—it is for us to interpret and enunciate that spirit.

The time is ripe for such a move. Several branches of the family have their genealogical records fairly complete. One branch has already perfected an organization and held its first reunion with one hundred and twenty kinsmen present. Correspondence with several groups scattered through many states reveals the fact that there is a strong desire to get together.

We, the undersigned, representing various branches of the family, believe that too much delay has already obtained in the matter of family organization and steps should be taken to remedy this at once. To this end we have united in calling a meeting for the organization of a GIBBS FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

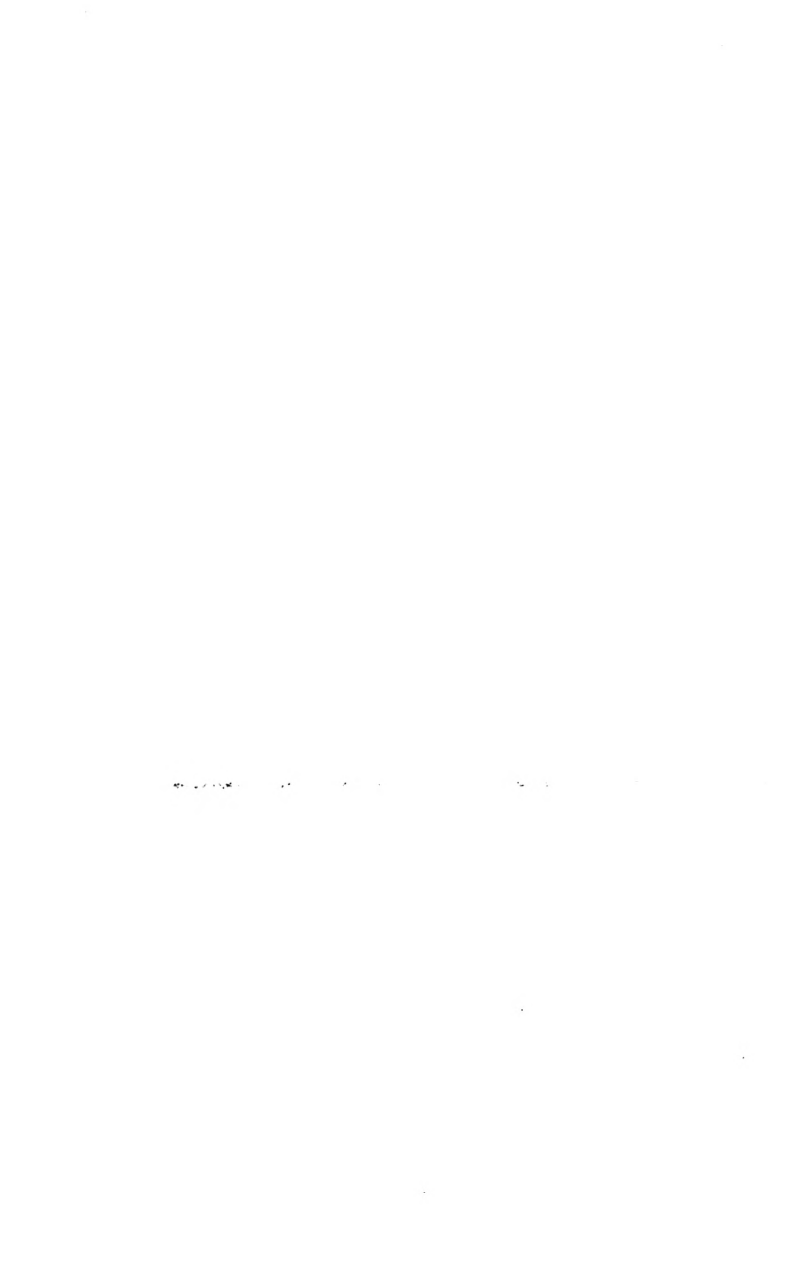
This meeting will be held at Huntington Chambers Hall, 30 Huntington Avenue, Boston, on Thursday, April 27, 1922, at 2.30 P. M.

We urge upon every one of our kinsmen the need of hearty co-operation to make this meeting a success. Be present yourself if possible and take an active part in the proceedings. If for any reason you cannot attend, let us hear from you of your interest and approval, and give us any advice or suggestion in regard to the Association. Finally, help us to extend this notice to all who are eligible. Our mailing list is necessarily very incomplete and unless you do this many will be overlooked.

Signed,

Robert A. Gibbs, Los Angeles, Cal.
Samuel W. Gibbs, M. D., Fall River, Mass.
Aline Gibbs Jonas, Washington, D. C.
Russell A. Gibbs, Sherman, Texas.
Col. Geo. S. Gibbs, Washington, D. C.
William E. Gibbs, Westfield, Mass.
Clara Gibbs Lorimer, Evanston, Ill.
George F. Gibbs, Rosemont, Pa.
Stella Gibbs Kimball, Portsmouth, N. H.
Thomas R. P. Gibb, Boston, Mass.
Katharine Gibbs Allen, Watertown, Mass.
Louis D. Gibbs, Boston, Mass.

In obedience to this call a meeting was held at Boston on April 27, 1922. After considerable discussion it was voted to form an organization



to be known as THE GIBBS FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. It was also voted to have the Association incorporated under the head of charitable and educational societies. It was felt that such a course would give the Association a better standing and an added element of stability. At this meeting the following list of temporary officers was chosen:—

President—Dr. Howard A. Gibbs of Boston
Secretary-Treasurer—Katharine G. Allen of Watertown, Mass.
Vice President—William E. Gibbs of Westfield, Mass.

Council

Dr. Howard A. Gibbs	Katharine G. Allen	William E. Gibbs
George S. Gibbs,	Mrs. Eleanor Florentine	
Louis D. Gibbs	Augusta J. King	

In order to comply with the law in obtaining a charter an adjourned meeting was held at the office of Thomas Gibb on May 31st, 1922. At which time a Constitution and By-Laws was adopted; the list of temporary officers was made permanent for the year and application duly made for a charter.

The charter was granted on July 13, 1922, and The Gibbs Family Association of America came into legal existence on that date.

We are printing in this Bulletin the Constitution and By-Laws. We wish every member of the family to read them and take steps to become actively affiliated.

AFFILIATION WITH THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

At a meeting of the Family Council held at Boston on Dec. 1st, 1922, the matter of affiliation with the Association was considered. It was decided that where branch organizations exist or are formed in the future they may, upon application, obtain a charter from the National Association. Membership in such a chartered branch will automatically carry with it membership in the National Association and it is left optional with the branch whether the members shall pay their annual dues of one dollar directly to the National Association or pay them through the branch. The fee for a branch charter is \$25. Where no branch exists members of the family may join the National Association by direct application and payment of annual dues. The National Association will furnish a certificate of membership, suitable for framing, to individual members, whether belonging to a branch or not, on payment of two dollars.

FINANCIAL

It will be noted that the annual dues in the Gibbs Family Association are one dollar. This should be sent to the Treasurer, Katharine Gibbs Allen, Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass., with the application for membership. The Council has taken over the publication of the Bulletin. It considers this an indispensable part of the family work. It feels also that the Bulletin should be self-supporting. The cost of publishing and mailing Bulletin No. 3 will be approximately \$200. The Council wishes to meet this expense without drawing upon the regular funds of the Association. There is enclosed, therefore, a suscription slip for this specific purpose. If you are interested in the Bulletin and wish to see it continue, we urge you to contribute something towards it.

CHARTER MEMBERS

The following persons have already signified their desire to be enrolled as Charter Members of the Gibbs Family Association. Council at its last meeting voted to keep this list open until after the Bulletin

is sent out in order that others who wish may also join as Charter Members. We are enclosing special application blanks for this purpose.

Charter Members

Mrs. Joseph Field Gibbs	Waltham, Mass.
Mrs. Aline Gibbs Jonas	Washington, D. C.
Russell A. Gibbs	Sherman, Texas
Dr. J. B. Gibbs	Burnsville, N. C.
J. B. Gibbs, Jr.	Burnsville, N. C.
Elmer L. Gibbs	Newton, Mass.
Nelson H. Gibbs	Providence, R. I.
Gardner D. Gibbs	Providence, R. I.
Frederick R. Gibbs	Providence, R. I.
Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs	Suffield, Ct.
Louis D. Gibbs	Boston, Mass.
Edw. Gibbs, Jr.	Boston, Mass.
Harold W. Gibbs.....	Brockton, Mass.
Mrs. Ida L. G. Hinckley	Needham, Mass.
Mrs. Enos W. Boise	Blandford, Mass.
Miss Cora A. Boise	Blandford, Mass.
Frank E. Gibbs	Taunton, Mass.
Nathan A. Gibbs	Norwich, Ct.
Geo. S. Gibbs	Boston, Mass.
Augusta J. King	Brookline, Mass.
Dr. Samuel W. Gibbs	Fall River, Mass.
William R. Gibbs	Boston, Mass.
Gertrude F. Jones	Boston, Mass.
Eleanor E. Florentine	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Edith M. Jones	Boston, Mass.
Cap. Frank A. Jones	Boston, Mass.
Grace Boise Walrad	Cortland, N. Y.
Dr. Emmet W. Gibbs	Shelby, N. C.
Mrs. Geo. H. Adams	Waltham, Mass.
Marion Gibbs Stephenson	New York
Harry W. Gibbs	Nagon Mound, N. M.
Mrs. Rebecca S. Price	Pemberton, N. J.
Frank N. Gibbs	Annahmeim, Cal.
F. L. Gibbs	Beardstown, Ill.
Jennie Butolph Rayburn	Bloomington, Ill.
Susa Young Gates	Salt Lake City, Utah
Wm. E. Gibbs	Westfield, Mass.
Thomas P. Gibb	Boston, Mass.
Katharine Gibbs Allen	Watertown, Mass.
Dr. Howard A. Gibbs	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Eliza N. Trull	Celo, Yancy Co., N. C.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I—Name. The name of this organization shall be "The Gibbs Family Association of America," hereinafter referred to as the Association.

ARTICLE II—Objects. The Association is constituted for the purpose of historical and genealogical research; the collection and preservation of all records, books, manuscripts or other articles or materials pertaining to the Gibbs Family; the conducting of meetings and reunions of members of the Family; and the dissemination among them of information of a historical or genealogical nature; the acquisition of titles to and the preservation of old land marks, homesteads, or other historical sites connected with the Family, and the establishment of suitable memorials or monuments thereon; the right to receive, hold and disburse moneys or other assets for the accomplishment of the purposes named herein.

ARTICLE III—Membership. Any member of the Gibbs Family or its descendants thereof may join the Association by filling out one of the required forms for the family register, and subscribing to the By-Laws.

ARTICLE IV—Officers. The officers of the Association shall consist of the President, one or more Vice-Presidents, the Clerk, who shall be called the Secretary-Treasurer, Recorder and Assistant Recorder.

ARTICLE V—Government. The management of the affairs of the Association shall be vested in a Board of Directors herein after called the Council, consisting of the President, Secretary, Recorder, and four other members of the Association who shall be elected at the annual meeting. The Council shall fill all vacancies in office, and shall have power to expel any member of the Association for good cause.

ARTICLE VI—Duties of Officers. **SECTION I. President.** The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Council, and shall exercise the usual functions of a presiding officer. He shall appoint all standing and special committees. He shall be ex-officio a member of all committees, and shall with the Secretary sign all written contracts or obligations which are authorized by the Association or the Council. In case of the absence or disability of the President, his powers and duties shall devolve upon the Senior Vice-President in attendance.

SECTION 2. Secretary. The Secretary shall keep a correct record of all the meetings of the Association and of the Council. He shall attend to all correspondence and issue the calls for the meetings of the Association and of the Council. He shall keep a correct list of the names and addresses of all members. The Secretary may also act as Treasurer.

SECTION 3. Treasurer. The Treasurer shall collect and receive all moneys of the Association and distribute same under the direction of the Council, keeping proper accounts and vouchers thereof. He shall render a statement of accounts at each annual meeting or when otherwise requested to do so by the Council. A bond satisfactory to the Council shall be required of the Treasurer—the premium of such bond to be paid by the Association. The Treasurer may also act as Secretary.

SECTION 4. Recorder. The Recorder shall be historian and keeper of the archives. He shall gather together all data pertaining to the Gibbs Family, and shall record it as directed by the Council. He shall receive and carefully preserve the family register.

SECTION 5. Assistant Recorder. The Assistant Recorder shall assist the Recorder, and also act as assistant to the President and Secretary

when requested. He shall receive such compensation as the Council may determine.

SECTION 6. The President, Secretary, Treasurer and Recorder shall render a written report at the annual meeting of the Association.

ARTICLE VII—*Nomination and Election of Officers.* SECTION 1. Nominations for all offices except that of Assistant Recorder shall be by a Nominating Committee of three members to be appointed by the Council not later than thirty days prior to the date of the annual meeting. Notice of the nominations so made by the Nominating Committee shall be mailed to each member of the Association with the call for the annual meeting. Additional nominations may be made from the floor at the annual meeting.

SECTION 2. The Assistant Recorder shall be nominated by the Recorder and elected by a majority vote of the Council.

SECTION 3. All officers shall hold office until the next annual meeting or until their successors are chosen.

ARTICLE VIII—*Audit of Accounts.* All receipts and expenditures shall be audited at least ten days prior to each annual meeting by an Auditor or Auditing Committee appointed by the Council, and a written report submitted to the annual meeting by such Auditor or Auditing Committee.

ARTICLE IX—*Dues.* The annual dues shall be one dollar.

ARTICLE X—*Meetings.* The annual meeting of the Association shall be held on the last Wednesday of January in each year. The place and hour of meeting shall be designated by the Council. Other meetings may be held at any other time or place designated by the Council. Notice of the annual meeting and all special meetings shall be sent to each member ten days at least in advance of the meeting. The Council shall meet at the call of the President or at the written request of three members of the Council.

ARTICLE XI—*Committees.* The following committees shall be appointed by the President at the annual meeting to serve for a term of one year:—Genealogical Committee of three members of which the Recorder shall be Chairman; Membership Committee of three members; Social Committee of three members.

ARTICLE XII—*Quorum.* At all regular or special meetings of the Association, ten members shall constitute a quorum. At all meetings of the Council, four members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XIII—*Amendments.* During the year 1922, these By-Laws may be amended by two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting. Thereafter, these By-Laws may be amended by a majority vote of the members present at any meeting, provided notice of the proposed amendment has been mailed to each member of the Association not later than ten days prior to the date of the meeting.

ARTICLE XIV—*Order of Business.* The Order of Business to be followed at the annual meeting will be as follows: 1—Proof of Notice of the Meeting; 2—Report as to Quorum; 3—Reading of Minutes of preceding meeting; 4—Communications; 5—Reports of Officers; 6—Reports of Committees; 7—Election of Officers; 8—Unfinished business; 9—New Business; 10—Adjournment.

Roberts' Rules of Order shall govern the proceedings of the meeting of the Association and of the Council in all matters not specially provided for by the By-Laws.

GIBBS FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

NOMINATIONS FOR 1923

In accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws the following nominations as Officers of the Association for 1923 have been made:—

President—Dr. Howard A. Gibbs of Boston

Secretary-Treasurer—Katharine Gibbs Allen of Watertown

Recorder—Mrs. R. M. Gibbs of Waltham

Members of Council

William E. Gibbs George S. Gibbs Augusta J. King Louis D. Gibbs
Vice-Presidents

William E. Gibbs, Westfield, Mass.

Robert A. Gibbs, Los Angeles, Cal.

Susa Young Gates, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Herbert M. Milam, Atlanta, Ga.

Clara Gibbs Lorrimer, Evanston, Ill.

Dr. J. B. Gibbs, Burnsville, N. C.

Russell A. Gibbs, Sherman, Texas.

George F. Gibbs, Rosemont, Pa.

Dr. S. W. Gibbs, Fall River, Mass.

Aline Gibbs Jonas, Washington, D. C.

Nathan A. Gibbs, Norwich, Conn.

Col. Geo. S. Gibbs, Washington, D. C.

Dates of Reunions, etc.

The regular annual meeting of The Gibbs Family Association of America will be held at Boston, Mass., Wednesday, January 31, 1923.

OFFICERS OF UTAH BRANCH

President—George F. Gibbs

First Vice-President—Hiram G. Smith

Second Vice-President—Emma Ramsay Morris

Secretary-Treasurer—Susa Young Gates

47 E. So. Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

OFFICERS OF THE SOUTHERN BRANCH

President—J. M. Gibbs

Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Gibbs, M. D., Burnsville, N. C.

Assistants

Miss Ola Giles, Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Katherine Gibbs, Mars Hill, N. C.

Mrs. Blanche Hamilton, Burnsville, N. C.

Council

J. P. Gibbs, Burnsville, N. C.

R. S. Gibbs, Mars Hill, N. C.

Jno. B. Gibbs, Hickory, N. C.

R. W. Gibbs, M. D., Shelby, N. C.

Rev. A. C. Gibbs, Thomasville, N. C.

Reunion at the home of J. M. Gibbs, Madison Co., N. C., Wednesday, August 8, 1923.



MARY GIBBS BIGELOW AND FOUR GENERATIONS OF HER DESCENDANTS

Mary Gibbs Bigelow
Born 1809—Died 1888

Lucy Bigelow Young
Born 1830—Died 1905

Susa Young Gates
Born 1856

Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe
Born 1874

Miss Anna G. Widtsoe
Born 1899

OFFICERS OF OHIO BRANCH

This Association was organized in 1910 by the descendants of John, William and Christopher Gibbs, who moved from New Jersey to Ohio sixty or seventy years ago. These were sons of Christopher Gibbs, who is supposed to have come from England. The Association has held reunions, with the exception of two years during the war, at Walbridge Park, Toledo, Ohio, since 1910. The descendants of these three brothers now number about one hundred. The officers of the Association are:

President—Dr. I. B. Gibbs

Vice-President—James B. Gibbs

Secretary-Treasurer—W. A. L. Gibbs, Bryan, Ohio

The next reunion will be held at Walbridge Park, Toledo, Ohio, Sunday, August 26, 1923. The Ohio Association has recently applied for affiliation with The Gibbs Family Association of America.

OFFICERS OF BLANDFORD BRANCH

President—Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, Boston

Secretary-Treasurer—Katharine G. Allen, Watertown

Recorder—Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs, Suffield, Conn.

Assistant Recorder—Harold L. Gibbs, New York

Council—The officers together with

Dr. Henry O. Marcy, Cambridge

Augusta J. King, Brookline

Arthur Gibbs, Huntington

Wm. E. Gibbs, Westfield

Fred R. Gibbs, Providence, R. I.

The annual meeting and reunion of this branch will be held at Blandford, Mass., on Saturday and Sunday, August 25 and 26, 1923.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GIBBS FAMILY

(By Dr. Howard A. Gibbs—Part of this article is reprinted from Bulletin No. 2, by special request)

There are but few families which have any authentic record further back than the 12th or 13th century, and any family history which antedates this period must draw largely on the imagination of the writer and the credulity of his readers. The Gibbs family is no exception to this rule. The family record is fairly distinct from the settlement of Thomas Gybbes in Warwickshire, England, in the latter part of the 14th century. Previous to this its history is lost in the obscurity of the Norman-French era.

The Gibbs family, though coming from England, is not primarily of Celtic or Anglo-Saxon extraction. Its roots go back to the Scandinavian peninsula, that land of mystery and mythology in the early years of the Christian era. Among the mountain fastnesses and along the frozen fiords of this north land there developed a people of whom it is not too much to say that its vigor and virility saved Europe from the degeneracy of the Latin races. The wanderings and conquests of these fierce and hardy sea-vikings covered most of the lands of the known world.

Their raiding excursions fell upon the shores of Germany, Denmark, England, Ireland and France. At first these excursions were but piratical forays; later they formed more permanent settlements. They colonized in the Orkneys and Hebrides, in Iceland and Greenland. They passed

through the Straits of Gibraltar, conquered and founded a kingdom in southern Italy over which they ruled for 150 years. They crossed the Atlantic in their tiny boats and founded colonies here in New England 500 years before Columbus discovered America.

They were good "mixers." They conquered, they permeated, they assimilated, and though they lost their own identity in the process, their strength of body and virility of mind left its impress for good on every people they conquered.

In Ireland they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In England they blended with the Anglo-Saxons so that in two centuries the racial lines were obliterated and the modern English people and nation was the result. In France this mixture of Norse and French blood furnishes one of the most striking examples of the advantage of racial interbreeding. Here the Norsemen dropped their drinking orgies, they embraced Christianity; they founded churches and universities; they developed an art and an architecture, a language and a literature of their own, so that in two hundred years it produced an entirely new race which combined the strength and vigor of the Norsemen with the polish and culture of the French.

This mixture of Norse and French blood which followed the conquest of four of the northern provinces of France by the Norsemen is the root stock from which the Gibbs family spring. Whether it was of Norse or French origin it is difficult to say, though the name itself, a diminutive of the Norse Gilbertus, would seem to indicate that it was primarily of Norse extraction.

We know but little of the history of the family in Normandy, but following the conquest of England by William the Conqueror thousands of these Normans crossed over into England and took possession of the country. It is said that William divided three-fourths of all the land of England among his followers. Among these were Thomas Gybbes, who was granted a tract of land in Fironington, Warwickshire, and John Gybbes, who was granted a tract in Venton or Fenton, Devonshire. These are supposed to have been brothers. This was during the reign of King Richard II about the year 1378. From this time down to the beginning of the emigration to America in the early part of the 17th century, a period of 250 years, the Gibbs family was purely English. A few crossed over into Ireland, a few into Scotland, but, for the most part, they remained in the central and southern counties of England. In Warwick, Somerset, Devon and Kent its branches were most numerous.

These were stirring times in English history and through it all the Gibbs family played no mean part.

Its coat of arms was authenticated by the Heralds' College whose work goes back to the year 1412. This coat of arms varies but little in the different branches of the family. The motto "Tenax Propositi"—steadfast in purpose—has been claimed exclusively by the Devon and Kent branches, but it forms no part of the original coat of arms and has been used at will by all the branches.

Among the distinguished descendants of the family in England may be mentioned: Major General Gibbs, who was killed at the battle of New Orleans; Hon. Robert Gibbs, Governor of South Carolina; William Gibbs, Physician to Queen Henrietta Maria; Sir Philip Gibbs, Governor of the Barbadoes; James Albion Gibbs, Doctor of Physics and Poet Laureate to Emperor Leopold of Germany; Sir Vicary Gibbs, Attorney General for England. We cannot close the list without mention of two of the outstanding figures of the great World War, Sir Philip Gibbs and his

brother George Hamilton Gibbs, who have written two of the best books in the English language concerning this great struggle.

Numerically speaking, the family has never been large but the name has always been distinctive. It has been variously spelled:—Gybbs, Gybbes, Gybbis, Gybbe, Gibbys, Gibbe, Gibbes, Gibb, Gibe, Gib, Gibs, Gibbs. It will be observed that the orthography of the name has not changed greatly and it is easily distinguished in spite of the changes.

The Gibbs family fairly deserves to be classed among the earliest settlers of America indeed but few of them can boast so large a representation among the early colonists. In New England it includes Henry Gibbs who settled in Hingham, Mass., in 1630; Giles Gibbs who came to Dorchester in the same year and later moved to Windsor, Conn.; John Gibbs who came to Boston in 1637, later moved to New Haven and died there; Matthew Gibbs who first appeared about 1639; Thomas Gibbs who settled in Sandwich about the same time; and Robert Gibbs, son of Sir Henry Gibbs, who came to Boston in 1657. All of these with the exception of Henry Gibbs left numerous descendants and founded distinct branches of the family.

In New York but one original settler is known at present, Richard Gibbs, Quaker, who settled on Long Island about 1690. In the south, particularly in Virginia, North and South Carolina, the family was well represented among the earliest colonists. Robert Gibbs, brother of Thomas and John Gibbs of the Barbadoes, was first Governor of South Carolina. Numerous descendants are found there at the present time, some of them retaining the original spelling of the name, Gibbes.

That the descendants of these early colonials were numerous is shown by the fact that no less than 120 persons of this name served in the Revolutionary war from Mass. alone, while from the town of Litchfield, Conn., no less than twenty Gibbises, sons and grandsons of one man, served in the Revolutionary army. This record is unequalled by any one town or any one family in the country. From these early colonials, with many additions, who have come from England, Scotland and Ireland at later dates, the descendants have pushed westward through New York, the middle west and on to the Pacific slope. They are found today in every state and territory of the Union. In Boston there are 93 of the name listed, in Baltimore 36, in New York 174, in Philadelphia 122, in Cincinnati 32, in Cleveland 35, in Detroit 81, in Denver 37, in Pittsburg 48, in New Orleans 26, in Chicago 113, in Minneapolis 67, in St. Louis 62, in Seattle 40, in San Francisco 39, and in Los Angeles 92.

The family numbers in its ranks representative men and women in every walk of life. It has few, if any, of so commanding importance that it is a hardship for the rest of the family to live up to their reputations, but in all the professions, in literature, art, music and science, the family is well represented. It is acting well its part in the constructive work of this 20th century and demonstrating the truth of the adage that blood will tell.

LETTER FROM SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Dear Dr. Gibbs:—

Please excuse my delay in answering your letter but since my return to England I have been overwhelmed with work.

I send my best wishes to the Gibbs Family Reunion. I was extremely interested to find this Association of the old family in the U. S. The Gibbs family is a fine old English stock and is still going strong.

My information as to the origin of the family is that two brothers came over to England as wool merchants in the reign of Edward IV and settled in the west of England where many of their descendants are still living. Devonshire is the county and the little old church of Clyst St. George is the burial place of many early members of the family. Two brothers of whom the elder was Henry Gibbs were implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury by the Countess of Essex in the reign of James I. Henry Gibbs was a young gentleman of the Bedchamber at the Court of Whitehall and had to escape. It is my opinion that this scandal caused some of the family to emigrate to America in the year 1615 or thereabout.

You may be interested to know that my namesake, Philip Gibbs, born in 1729, was one of the early inventors of shorthand and wrote a book called "An Historical Account of Correspondence and Swift Writing" and another called an "Essay on the Further Improvement of Shorthand." Some of the most beautiful churches of England were designed by another member of the family who was a student of Christopher Wren. He was the architect of St. Martins in the Fields, opposite the National Library in London. The present head of the family is Lord Aldenham.

With kind regard,

Yours very sincerely,

(Sir) PHILIP GIBBS.

TENAX PROPOSITI

By Edith M. Gibbs

Inscribed upon the coat of arms of the Gibbs Family are the words of our motto TENAX PROPOSITI, tenacious of purpose. This family traces its lineage back to England in the time of Richard II, thence across the English Channel to Normandy under William the Conqueror, thence back to its fountain head along the frozen fords and mountain fastnesses of the Norseland in the early years of the Christian era.

And no motto can more fittingly express the spirit of this Norse people. Conquering the Northern provinces of France they produced in two hundred years an entirely new race, the Normans, who combined the vigor of the Norseman with the polish and culture of the French. Following William the Conqueror into England and blending with the Anglo-Saxons, they have been the mainspring of England's greatness on land and sea even down to the present. Crossing the uncharted Atlantic they colonized the wilderness of America and laid the foundations of our great Republic; pushing ever westward from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate;

"They crossed the prairies as of old

The Pilgrims crossed the sea

To make the West as they the East,

The homestead of the free."

"Tenax Propositi," Tenacious of Purpose. No words can better express the indomitable spirit of these adventurous Norsemen or the courage and persistence of the Pilgrims and pioneers of our own country.

The wanderings and conquests of these hardy sea-vikings; the struggles and toils of the Pilgrims and pioneers are all things of the past but the spirit which animated them is just as essential now as then. In the realm of advanced thinking, in the realm of human betterment, in the

realm of political freedom, in all the commonplace activities of life which spell success and build character, there are always new oceans to be crossed, there are storms to be braved, there are heights to be scaled, there are forests to be cleared, there are continents to be won. No words therefore can furnish a more fitting inspiration for the Gibbs family of today as we go forward into the greater adventure, the busy activities of this 20th century, which in the words of Victor Hugo is to be the "century of humanity."

An anonymous writer has thus expressed the sentiment of our family motto in words of lighter vein:—

"Bite off more than you can chew, then chew it.

Plan for more than you can do, then do it.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

Keep your seat and there you are."

Tenax Propositi, tenacious of purpose. Our name is glue for we "stick."

THE SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE GIBBS FAMILY ASSOCIATION

The organization was effected at the family reunion of the descendants of John Gibbs, living in Burke Co., N. C., in 1790. He was the father of William Gibbs, who married Rebecca Conley and reared a large family near Morganton, N. C.

It is intended merely as a starting point for an auxiliary branch of the Gibbs Family Association of America. The next meeting is to be held the second Wednesday in August, 1923, at the home of J. M. Gibbs, in Madison Co., N. C. This point is within an hour's drive of Asheville, N. C., and will be easily accessible from any point in W. N. C. The climate is excellent, and the scenery grand and beautiful, and it is hoped that many of the hundreds of Gibbs families living in this and other southern states will be present and assist in establishing a permanent organization.

The object of the association is to study the genealogy of the families in the South, to become better acquainted with each other, honor and perpetuate the memory of our ancestors, and preserve their records and traditions for the future generations, which is a simple duty we owe to both.

The family coat of arms is being painted by Miss Shirly Gibbs, and may be had by writing her at Mars Hill, N. C.

THE GIBBS FAMILY IN THE CAROLINAS

Columbus Smith, who was sent to England in 1847 to study the genealogy of the Gibbs family in America, says in his report:

I. "Phillip Gibbes, the first of the family who moved to Barbadoes, removed to the parish of St. James, in the island of Barbadoes, about 1635, and died in or about 1648. He willed his estates in Barbadoes to his son Phillip, who married twice. By his first wife he had three daughters, and by his second wife Willoughby, daughter of—Yeamens, Esq., he had three sons and four daughters. The last before named, Phillip, was the grandfather of Phillip Gibbes, Baronet, of Springfield, in the island of Barbadoes, who was created Baronet May 30, 1744."

II. "Thomas Gibbes, a collateral of the Bristol family, was a mem-

ber of the first Council holden at Barbadoes. John Gibbes, another collateral, was also at the head of the Council board in that island in 1697."

III. "Mary, daughter of Sir Ralph Gibbes, married Sir Walter Raleigh."

IV. "Stephen (Gibbes) of Edmonstone Court, in Kent, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Ferney of Brookhill, and by her had the following children, viz.: Ann, Elizabeth, Alice, who married Thomas Bedding. Thomas 1st son, John 3rd son, and Robert 2nd son, who went to Barbadoes and afterwards went to South Carolina, where he was made governor."

The Colonial Records of North Carolina, Vol. 1, page 76, gives the names of a number of men who received land grants and other concessions from the King of England, through Maj. Williams Yeamans, agent for the Lords Proprietors, in the year 1665. Among these were Thomas, John, Robert, and Basil Gibbs. The first three must have been brothers, sons of Stephen Gibbs above mentioned. This was the year in which N. C. held its first Legislature, and from this time on there is evidence to show that the history of the family is interwoven with the history of the state itself. Many references are made to activities of Capt. John Gibbs—his challenge to Gov. Ludwell, his claim for governor of the Province, etc. Many others are mentioned—George, Henry, Joel, William, and others are spoken of as having come over in the very earliest Colonial days. We find Gibbs's Point, in Hyde Co. and Gibbs Marsh, on the North River. They are spoken of as having helped run the state lines, and many are mentioned as being in the Militia, and as having fought in the Indian wars, and in the wars with England. In 1790, when the first Federal Census was taken there were forty-three Gibbs families in N. C., mostly in the eastern counties, but some in Wake, Rutherford, and Burke. Most of these were slave holders, and many of the negroes still retain the family name.

Clarke, in his history of the War Between the States mentions several officers and many privates as having participated. And no doubt many of them rendered service in the World War.

It seems possible to start with this and by studying the state and county records, cemeteries, church and family records, and by following up the family traditions, that a fairly accurate genealogy of the family might be worked out. And though it should require "the everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul" the work is worth while.

Faternally yours,

DR. J. B. GIBBS

A HISTORY OF THE EARLY LIFE OF MARY GIBBS BIGELOW

Written by Herself.

I can first remember when the baby brother next younger than myself was born and I was brought home from my grandmother's house. I was born 26th of June, 1809, in New York State. And my brother Linus was born in December, 1811, so that I was two years and one-half old. When I came home I saw my mother on the bed, and I was told I had a little brother. I was pleased to see my little brother.

There was a doctor there, his name was Hodgekiss. The nurse was a widow woman, her name was Barnes. There was a red sauce in the porringer on the fire; I ran to the fire and wanted some of the cran-

berry sauce, but the nurse said it was for sick folks, that it was for mother. I said I was sick too, and wanted the sauce. The doctor called me to him and said if I was sick, I must have help and he put something in my mouth that made it smart, when I spit it out.

The next I remember, was in the next spring, when my father took me out to the maple trees and I saw him pour out the sugar water or sap from the troughs underneath the maple trees and boil it down into sugar.

The next summer in warm weather, I went to school, to a teacher, but I do not remember her name. I seemed to go a great way through the thick woods, but my father told me that it was only a quarter of a mile. I went past my grandmother Gibbs house who used to give me a piece of bread and butter, or a piece of pie, as I stopped to see her on my way to school. At this school I learned my a-b-c's.

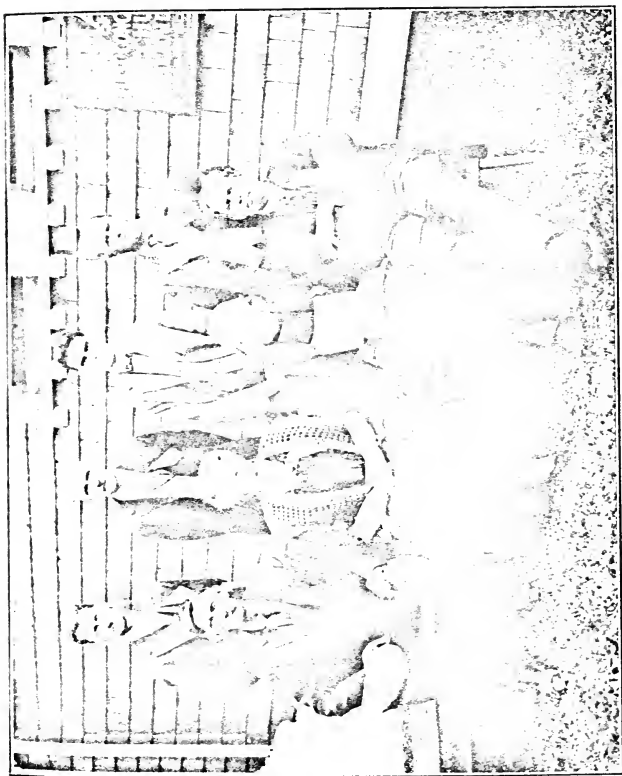
The next I remember my father's brother-in-law came to move us, ready to go on to a raft to go down the Ohio River. Uncle Clark took us on a sleigh, and when I was sleepy, he threatened me that he would leave me under a bridge, and then I would wake up through fear of being left. Late in the night we arrived at his house. This was in the spring that I was four years old. One day while I was there my aunt Hannah Gibbs Clark was sweeping. I sat still. At length she spoke: "Mary, it is not good manners to sit still while one is sweeping; you should be ladylike and get up and move your chair into a clean place." I did so.

The next I recollect was being prepared to go on to the big lumber raft, to go down the Ohio River. We went on the raft; we went on below Pittsburg, and sixteen miles below Marietta on the river. There was a large hole in the middle of the raft, and my little cousin Naomi Clark, a year and a half younger than myself, fell into this hole; her father caught her by the clothes and saved her from drowning. There was great rejoicing, and aunt wept tears of joy over her little girl.

My next remembrance is when I was five years old I went to school where there was no trouble to go through woods, which rejoiced me much. Here there was plenty of fruit, papaws grew on the banks of the river, and spice wood tea was had for breakfast; while peaches, apples, and plums contributed to our comfort.

The spring before I was seven, the Ohio River raised above its banks, and father took us in a canoe; he shoved the canoe into the door of the house and floated us out of the house from our flooded house to higher grounds, to Mrs. Priest's. We stayed there until the water went down so that we could go back into our house. While there at Mr. Priest's I had four lessons a day, two in reading, and two spelling lessons, and a chapter in the Testament. I could read much better than Hetty Priest, a little girl my age. Mother said to me, "Aint you glad that I made you go to school, for you read better than Hetty. If her mother had made her go to school, she would have known how to read good too."

Then we moved to Lawrence County, the State of Illinois. Father entered some land, built him a log cabin, and worked at his trade to gain money to pay for the land that he had entered. The first winter that we lived there Father used to go out in the morning with his gun, and almost always when we were out of meat he killed deer, but if we had meat he killed none. He bought potatoes, and we had hash, and felt comfortable on potatoes and venison and corn bread. Milk and butter we had none. We had no well and the water froze up in winter. We melted snow for home use, but had to drive our stock a mile and a half



THE GIBBS FAMILY COUNCIL, BLANDFORD BRANCH

Standing—Left to Right, Addison Bodurtha, Dr. Howard Gibbs, Harold L. Gibbs, Dr. Joseph Gibbs. Sitting—Left to Right, Arthur Gibbs, Mrs. Augusta J. King, Dr. Henry O. Marcy, William E. Gibbs.

to a creek to water our cattle and cows. The ice in the creek was frozen so hard that it was a great trouble to break it.

My grandfather was brought to stay with my father, Benjamin Gibbs. He came from New York State to the State of Illinois. He was an old man, and I remember his bald head encircled with a fringe of white hair. He had the salt rheum and I had to wait on him. Father and mother were born in Connecticut. Grandpa and grandma, and father and mother, I think, were born in Litchfield, Connecticut. Grandpa was six feet high in his naked feet, and was a strong, robust man. He was in the Revolutionary War. He was drafted three years and enlisted four years. My grandpa's brother had a fight with a wild deer which stamped and hooked him as long as he stirred; so to save his life he lay still, until the deer left him, supposing he was dead, and went out of sight. This my grandfather told me. Grandfather died on the 10th of March, when I was ten years old. (1818.)

In the spring before I was ten years old, my little youngest brother was born. I felt then that I was well paid for waiting as long as I had, as I had the privilege of naming him Daniel, after the prophet of old. He was so good that I was no more lonesome for my dead brother. My mother went away for four weeks at one time to this sister Baptist's, and then came home for a short time to visit me, and then went away to weave again. I had all to do, taking care of my brother a year and a half old; watering the stock all winter, for father did no chores, cooking breakfast before daylight, dinner at twelve, cooked corn bread in a skillet by the fire, boiled venison and potatoes for dinner. Father built the fire in the morning before I was up. Father had his shop in one part of the log cabin where they was no floor. I was two days washing. My uncle's folks lived three quarters of a mile away; sometimes Aunt Hannah Clark came up and encouraged me, telling me I was doing well.

Next summer we went on with our garden. I was twelve years old. My sister helped me. Father bought two cows and mother made cheese. We had boiled plums and crabapples, and father brought honey and we made preserves, a keg full of each. I was thirteen.

Nahum Bigelow, my future husband, came to see us. I got acquainted with him. He was 37. My parents sent me to school. Nahum took me on a horse behind him, and I went that day to a village to school, in another county. I was three months away at this school and boarded with "brother" Lehi Joy, the school teacher. I paid my board by spinning nights and mornings to make three days' work.

He was a Methodist. He had a son named Jesse.

Nahum continued to visit me from time to time, and when I was nearly sixteen, proposed marriage, asking my parents. He then boarded at Uncle Clark's, and worked at his perpetual motion machine. He was very ingenious. Uncle Henry Bigelow, his oldest brother, owned some land in Shelly Co., joining Lawrence county. Nahum and one of my uncles bought up cattle, and drove cattle, but didn't make anything by it, but lost.

While my uncle and Nahum were away, I was at home making my wedding dress. In the fall, I corded and spun the cotton and mother and I wove it in a 800 or 40 reed very fine and even. I then bleached it a pure white. It looked beautiful. I made it plain with no flounces. It was woven so that half way to my knees it was corded and raised in diagonal cords with an awl, ten threads between every cord. I and sister raised the cotton. I picked it out of the beautiful white bolls. I then ginned it in a hand gin, feeding the cotton, and turning the handle. I

had picked the long, beautiful first ripe cotton. The waist was plain with a band around it, common straight sleeves just large enough to be comfortable. I had a bobinet ruffle in the neck of the dress. I was preparing to keep house. I had home-made shoes that my father had made.

Here the narrative closes:—Mary Gibbs married Nahum Bigelow, on the 12th of December, 1826, in Lawrenceville, Illinois. They had a large family and both joined the Mormon Church, April 1st, 1839. They moved from Lawrenceville to Mercer Co., and then to Hancock Co., and finally in 1850 they emigrated to Utah with their family.

Nahum died in 1851, leaving his wife to rear the large family as only widows may do. All were well known sturdy citizens of the pioneer state of Utah, and Mary Gibbs Bigelow herself lived until the 19th of April, 1888. She died in St. George at the home of her daughter, Lucy Bigelow Young. Her posterity never has been numbered, but reaches into the hundreds. All of her children are dead; her youngest son, Daniel, passing on nearly a year ago.

Her sister, Rhoda, married Lewis Ramsey and had a large family, most of whom joined the Mormon Church and emigrated to Utah. They are among the locally famous citizens of this commonwealth. One of the grandsons, Lewis A. Ramsey, is a well known artist, and his work is found beautifying our Temples, theaters and houses of worship.

His sister, Emma Ramsey Morris, is a locally famous singer, who received her musical education in Germany under the masters and who has made a great name for herself in this community.

Mary Gibbs Bigelow's descendants are teachers, physicians, farmers, artists, musicians, and one is a well-known Scenario writer in Universal city, Los Angeles. The confines of this little paper will not permit especial mention of these talented descendants.

THE GILES GIBBS BRANCH

By Robert A. Gibbs of Los Angeles, Cal.

Giles Gibbs is the founder of one of the branches of the Gibbs family in America. He came from England, doubtless on the "Mary and John," which brought the first group of settlers to Dorchester, Mass., in 1629—or 1630 as it would be by the new style of reckoning. The earliest records of the colony at Dorchester were destroyed by fire but we know that Giles was there in 1630; he was made a free man March 4, 1633-34, and was a grantee of lands the same year. His name is frequently mentioned in the early Dorchester records, which show that he was one of the assessors and also one of the selectmen.

Giles Gibbs removed to Windsor, Conn., where he became a member of the Congregational Church. The records kept by Matthew Grant, an ancestor of Gen. U. S. Grant, gives the date of his burial May 21, 1641. He had five children—Gregory, Jacob, Samuel, Benjamin and Sarah—all of whom except Gregory left descendants.

The most numerous branch of the family is descended from Samuel Gibbs, who had ten children, of whom seven were girls. Samuel's sons were Benjamin, Samuel and Jonathan. Of these three I have been able to secure but little information in regard to the descendants of Samuel and Jonathan and would welcome any information in regard to them. Benjamin married Abigail Marshall, granddaughter of Capt. Samuel Marshall who was killed at the head of the Connecticut troops in the attack on the Narragansett Fort during King Phillip's War, and of Samuel

Phelps, member of the General Court and very prominent in the early history of Connecticut. They had a large family. After the birth of the first six children they removed to Litchfield, Conn. On the way thither, between Hartford and Litchfield, the seventh child was born and the remainder of the fourteen children were born at Litchfield.

There are twenty-two men by the name of Gibbs, recorded on the books of the town of Litchfield, Conn., who served in the Revolutionary War and all of whom were sons or grandsons of this Benjamin Gibbs. It is believed that this is a record not equalled by any family in any town in the colonies. Among his sons was Gershom Gibbs, the first white male child born in Litchfield, who was later starved to death with his son Isaac on the British prison ship in New York harbor.

After the Revolutionary War the various members of this family, like many other families of the time, moved inland. Some went to central New York and others into Vermont, where they established themselves and raised large families. Their descendants are now to be found in all parts of the United States, many of them occupying positions of trust and responsibility.

ROBERT A. GIBBS.

RECORD OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BLANDFORD BRANCH

The Second Annual Business Meeting and Reunion of the Gibbs Family Association, Blandford Branch, was held in the Chapel, Blandford Centre, Wednesday, August 16th, 1922, opening at 11 A. M. with Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, President, presiding.

Owing to the absence of Katherine Gibbs Allen, Secretary-Treasurer, Robert B. Gibbs was nominated and elected acting Secretary-Treasurer for the meeting.

The report of the Treasurer, showing receipts and expenditures for the past year and a balance of \$59.76 on hand, was read. Motion to accept same, passed and report as read accepted.

The report of Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs, Recorder, was laid over to some later date owing to the returns for the day being incomplete.

The report of the President, Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, for the past year's work was then given and accepted by a rising vote of thanks to show the members' appreciation for the President's work and interest taken.

The nominations of Officers for the ensuing year as made by the Council was read:—

President—Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, of Boston.

Secretary-Treasurer—Katherine Gibbs Allen, of Watertown.

Recorder—Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs, of Suffield, Conn.

Assistant-Recorder—Harold L. Gibbs, of New York.

Member of the Council for Five Years—Fred R. Gibbs, of Providence

Mr. Fred R. Gibbs questioned his being eligible to be called a Blandford Gibbs and discussion and report of Mr. Henry O. Marcy cleared his eligibility without question. Nominations as read were then moved, accepted and so voted.

Suggestions were then called for as to how to make this association a practical help and inspiration to hold up, live up to, and increase traditions and honor, traits and characteristics of the Gibbs Family. Mr. Wm. E. Gibbs called for suggestions to be handed to the Council to work on so that some of the work could be taken and help given the President in

his endeavors to make this association a success. A questionnaire possibly would be sent out if suggestions were not given to get something for the Council to work on at once. Dr. Henry O. Marcy brought forth the idea of instilling in the minds of the younger people and children the ideals and traditions of our forefathers and from them draw inspiration to do better. John Bodurtha called attention to the need of a scheme to increase attendance at the meetings and also suggested a Family Bulletin to be published several times during the year. A vote was taken on the Family Bulletin idea and the general sentiment was for it. Discussion following brought out the following ideas:—that it should have departments of general interest, young people should have a section giving schools they are attending, positions of work, etc., and items of general interest. Samuel Bodurtha suggested that the older ones put themselves in a sympathetic touch with the younger ones so that these, as the occasions arose, would go to the older for advice and benefit by their experiences. Mrs. Lester Gibbs suggested that a sort of Mother's Correspondence Club be formed.

The next matter of business brought before the meeting was the proposed change in By-Laws to change the annual meeting date from the third Wednesday in August to the fourth Saturday in August. Discussion of same followed and proposed change was moved, accepted, and adopted, by a rising vote.

The matter of the Gibbs Family Association, Blandford Branch, uniting with the National Gibbs Family Association of America was next spoken of. After discussion it was moved and voted that we affiliate with the national organization.

No further business being brought before the meeting, at 12:15 it was moved to adjourn to lunch and sociability until the afternoon exercises.

* * * * *

The afternoon exercises were of an informal character, opening at 2:30 with a very enjoyable musical program rendered by the Dr. Gordon's Church Male Quartette of Westfield, consisting of Edw. P. Hadley of Springfield, Second Bass; Frederic Goodwin of Westfield, First Bass; Arthur J. Cook of Westfield, Second Tenor; William E. Gibbs of Westfield, First Tenor; Mrs. Frederic Goodwin, Accompanist. This musical program included a Family Sing of several old time favorite songs in which all present joined.

Following the musical program, Rev. Mr. Robertson offered a prayer and invocation. Greetings were then read from several members of the family who could not be present, including letters from Rev. S. G. Wood of Winchester, N. H.; Sir Philip Gibbs of London, England; and Dr. J. B. Gibbs of Burnsville, N. C. Fred R. Gibbs of Providence gave a personal biographical address which he had prepared before he found he could attend in person.

Following this was an In Memoriam period of standing silent prayer by all present, paying respect to the following, who have passed on during the year, in a very touching manner:—

Mary Gibbs Deming, born Aug. 17, 1833,
passed on at Grinnell, Iowa, Jan. 14, 1922.

Enos W. Boise, born October 15, 1840,
passed on at Blandford, Mass., December 28, 1921.

Dexter H. Loring, born March 26, 1835,
passed on at Blandford, Mass., June 5, 1922.

Dr. Henry O. Marcy, Jr., born July 2, 1871.

passed on at Newton, Mass., May 31, 1922.

Rev. Lorenzo A. Robbins, born August 12, 1847.

passed on at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1922.

Dr. Henry O. Marcy then gave a biographical address of Elijah Gibbs, which was followed by a voluntary offering after a few words given by William E. Gibbs in regard to the financial situation of the Association. This collection netted \$24.68.

Harold L. Gibbs gave an inspirational address setting forth what the Blandford Hills meant to him, following which a biographical address on Abner E. Gibbs, written by Katherine G. Allen, was read by Mrs. Robert Lorimer of Evanston, Ill.

This concluded the program of the afternoon with the exception of the Family rising and singing "Auld Lang Syne." hands clasped with one another.

* * * * *

An unofficial check up of the Recorder's records for the day showed that a few over one hundred members were present at some time during the day, coming from the following places:—Ludlow, Blandford, Suffield, Conn., Fairfield, Conn., North Blandford, Chester, Westfield, Chicago, Ill., Huntington, Boston, Providence, R. I., Southbridge, Utica, N. Y., Agawam, Jacksonville, Florida, Bridgeport, Conn., Hartford, Conn., Wilbraham, Evanston, Ill., and Mittenague.

Also it was the consensus of opinion that everyone had an enjoyable day, and it was well worth while. It also should be mentioned that there was an exhibit of old photos, and books, etc., in the room in the rear of the auditorium that attracted a good deal of attention and proved very interesting to practically everyone present, and several have mentioned articles that they will show next year that should prove interesting too.

Respectfully submitted as a report of the day.

ROBERT B. GIBBS,

Acting Secretary-Treasurer.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR

Annual Address by Dr. H. A. Gibbs

Three years ago almost to a day under the shade of a spreading elm at Agawam, the descendants of Porter Gibbs held a re-union, as had been their custom at intervals for thirty years. Many of the members of the older generations had passed on, only two of the children of Porter Gibbs were left, but their places had been taken by those of the younger generations, and the numbers still held good.

At this time the matter of a re-union of all the Blandford Gibbsses was brought up and discussed in an informal way. The unanimous sentiment was in favor of the larger re-union, and with this as a starting point, it may be said that the present family Association of the Blandford Gibbsses had its origin. It is fitting therefore that on this anniversary we take an account of stock, compare notes and see what has been accomplished, and take a look forward into the future to see what further development and responsibilities it has in store for us.

At the meeting in Agawam the general opinion was that the Blandford Gibbsses, once a numerous and influential family, were dying out,

or had become so scattered that it would be impossible to find them, much less to get them together. There were only three families of the name left in Blandford, numbering in all not more than a dozen persons, where once they were numbered by the score. A circular letter, however, was prepared and sent out. The original mailing list comprised barely thirty names. Using a follow-up and chain letter system one by one the scattered remnants of the family were reached and it gradually dawned upon the promoters that not only was the family keeping its numbers good, but that there was a genuine interest and sentiment in favor of getting together.

Answering a call sent out by several prominent members of the family a preliminary meeting was held at Westfield in January, 1921, at which plans were laid for a permanent family organization and for a family reunion at Blandford the following August, 1921. The reunion was held as planned on August 16 and 17 and was a success in every way. At this time it was reported that nearly three hundred of the descendants of the original Israel and Mary Gibbs had been traced and located, of this number nearly two hundred were still living, ninety of whom bore the name of GIBBS.

The work of research has gone on during the last year and many interesting facts of historical and genealogical interest have come to light. Among the interesting "finds" have been the discovery of the descendants of Loring Gibbs in the middle west, several of whom have become enthusiastic Gibbs fans; the discovery of the descendants of Russell Gibbs in Texas where his son, Russell A. Gibbs, is Postmaster of the City of Sherman; the discovery of the descendants of Sarah Gibbs who married Benj. Bruce and of Mary Gibbs who married Ezra Baird and together moved to Harpersfield, N. Y., in the early years of the 19th century. An interesting fact in this connection is that three of the daughters of Mary Gibbs graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in the same year, 1858(?), and I am informed that one of her descendants is dean of the college at the present time. From Los Angeles, too, on the Pacific Coast, comes the report of numerous descendants of Orlando Gibbs, all making good.

The total of this research work may be summed up in the statement that the family of Blandford Gibbsses is still going strong and, though widely scattered, is making a record of character and achievement worthy of its lineage and of which we may well be proud.

The past year, too, has marked a long step forward in the formation of a national Gibbs Family Association which shall embrace the various branches of the family throughout the United States. At a meeting in Boston on April 27th, 1922, it was decided to form such an Association, which has already been incorporated, bearing the name of the GIBBS FAMILY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

On the very day that the meeting was held in Boston the descendants of Mary Gibbs Bigelow, a numerous and influential family, met in Salt Lake City, Utah, organized a Gibbs Association and applied by telegraph for affiliation with the National Association. Another Gibbs Association which has held reunions for several years has been discovered in Ohio, from the Pacific Coast comes the report that a Gibbs Association is in process of formation there, while in North Carolina a flourishing Gibbs Association has been found which has held reunions for several years, and, inspired by our example, is now pushing for a large Southern Association to be affiliated with the Gibbs Family of America.

When we consider that this is the first serious attempt to reunite the Gibbs kin of America who have been here almost three centuries and

that these results have been accomplished in the space of three years we have every reason to feel gratified and encouraged and to look forward into the future with larger hopes.

The material foundations have been laid and it is full time now that we began seriously to ask ourselves the question, what are we here for? What plans have we in mind, what purposes in view for future activities? What is the final objective of all this effort?

Undoubtedly most of us, if we were to analyze our motives, would say offhand that the element of sociability, the desire to get together, the desire to renew the acquaintances of olden time, the desire to know more of our own kin has been the foremost if not the strongest purpose in drawing us together into a family organization, and it is certainly a commendable purpose. Man is by nature a gregarious animal and blood is still thicker than water. Sociability is something more than mere curiosity; something more than the desire to have a good time. The sympathetic grasp of the hand, the heart to heart contact in a family group carrying with it the knowledge of a common origin, a common purpose and a common destiny, this is one of the most sacred as it is one of the most commendable traits of our human nature. We cannot have too much of it in this Association but nevertheless if we stop here with mere sociability as our purpose we shall fall far short of our highest objective.

Some of us have seen dimly if not clearly the vision of a higher purpose, that of attainment for the individual and development of the family life and character as a higher objective for the family association. It is the ideal of unity and solidarity, the co-operative ideal expressed in family life, and the nearer we can approximate to this the more harmoniously shall we be working with the dynamic forces which are moulding and shaping modern society. Individualism has served its purpose and gone to seed. Competition, whether in the family, in industry or in society at large, has worn itself out. Competition is inherently destructive, therefore evanescent. Co-operation is inherently constructive, therefore enduring. Not strife and competition but unity, harmony, co-operation; not every man for himself and devil take the hindmost; but each for all and all for each; not do up others or they will do up you, but "do unto others as ye would that they should do to you"; not the rule of gold but the Golden Rule that is the universal and eternal law of human progress. It is a law whose operations began at the very dawn of creation when the morning stars sang together in co-operative unison and the endless arches of the universe echoed and re-echoed with the swelling symphonies of their praise. The law of co-operation is still the dynamic force of the universe; it breathes through the commandments of Sinai; it is the very essence of the teachings of the Great Master; and its operations will continue until universal peace and human brotherhood becomes not merely an iridescent dream, but an every-day social, economic and political fact and

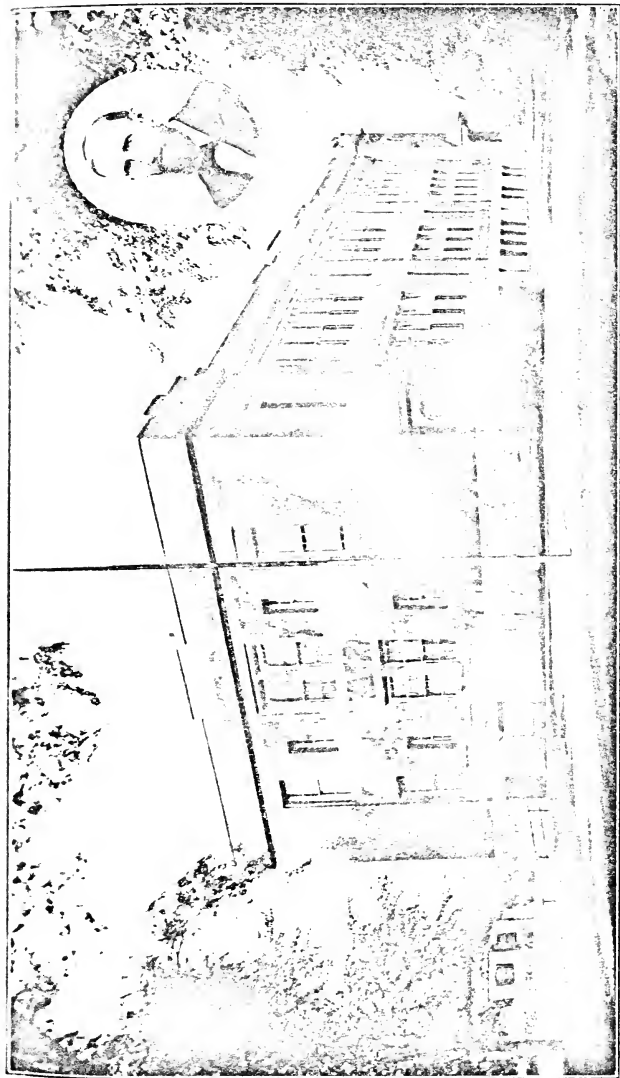
"The war drums shall throb no longer

And the battle flags be furled

In the parliament of man,

The federation of the world."

We are here then as a family group in obedience to this law of co-operation because there are certain things in the way of improvement and development which we can accomplish better together than we can accomplish apart. Just as the individual has certain physical traits, a life, a consciousness, a character of his own, just so the family group has



THE ABNER GIBBS SCHOOL, WESTFIELD, MASS.

Erected in memory of Abner Ensign Gibbs, for seventeen years master of the Westfield High School

certain physical characteristics, certain mental traits, certain moral qualities which can best be strengthened and developed and brought to their highest perfection through a family organization. This is certainly a commendable purpose, a long step forward from mere sociability but again I say if we stop here, if we make individual improvement or family development an end in itself, we shall fall far short of our highest objective, indeed I am inclined to agree with Edward Everett Hale when he classified attainment and development as an end in themselves, not among the things desirable but among the things damnable. As an end in themselves they are self-centered and purely selfish, it is only when they are transformed and glorified and expressed by a higher and more unselfish objective that they become worthy of commendation. In short not development but *useful, social, service through development* should be the highest and most worthy purpose of our family Association.

To advise, to assist, to inspire the members of this family group to take their places and play their parts as red-blooded men and women in the constructive work of this wonderful twentieth century, this is the final answer to the question what are we here for.

The longer I live the more inclined I am to accept the truth of the old lady's philosophy "blessed be work." A life of honest toil, of useful service for others is the only honest life, it is the only healthy life, it is the only happy life.

The world war has forced us to re-adjust our estimates of what constitutes useful social service or a successful life. Clipping coupons, raising poodle dogs or even attending pink teas for sweet charity's sake can hardly be classed as useful social service; neither can the mere accumulation of wealth furnish a standard of a successful life.

Society today may be divided into two classes, wealth makers and wealth takers, producers and parasites. Wealth does not grow on pumpkin vines or apple trees and the man who imagines that elysium is a place where he can lie on the ground and let flap-doodles drop into his mouth is dreaming a pipe dream. Every particle of wealth since time began has been produced by the application of human labor to the natural resources of the earth. The day of individual needs and individual production has passed. Our needs in this complicated civilization of today are social and the labor which supplies these needs is also social. It has taken the efforts of a hundred skilled workers, men and women, to produce the shoes which I wear upon my feet and the four corners of the earth have literally been ransacked to furnish the material. No one can exist in civilized society today without drawing upon the productive labor of others to supply his needs and the man or woman who absorbs more than he produces, who gives not back to society measure for measure in some form of honest toil, in some form of useful social service, that man is inherently dishonest, he is fundamentally immoral, he is a thief, a parasite, a hobo, I care not whether he rides in a Pierce-Arrow limousine or on a brake-beam, I care not whether he cracks a bank or teaches a Sunday school class in New York.

A life of honest toil, of useful social service is the only healthy life for body and mind. There are many people today who are "living along at a poor dying rate" simply because they are too lazy to live a healthy life. A man of this type came into my office a few months ago. He was a business man of Boston. He had put on thirty pounds of weight within a year and was much concerned about it. He wanted to know how he could get rid of it. I looked him square in the eye and replied, there are two ways that I know by which it can be done. One is to get ten cords

of good hard wood, put it in your back yard with a good buck saw, saw horse and axe and then go out every morning before breakfast and put in a couple hours of work sawing and splitting that wood. I understand perfectly well, I said, that you are too lazy to do this, therefore, the only other thing you can do is to come to my office and pay me some of your good cold cash for helping you get rid of that unhealthy fat.

There are many people today drifting on into chronic and hopeless invalidism simply because they are out of touch with the normal, healthy activities of life. In my sanitarium work I have seen a thousand women of the society type who have become "sanitarium rounders" and who would have been infinitely better off, physically and mentally, if they had been obliged to earn a living over a wash tub, and I have seen a thousand men of the same type whom I longed to take by the nape of the neck and the seat of their trousers and set them out in a potato patch and tell them to go to work or starve.

A life of honest toil of useful service is the only happy and satisfactory life. There is no higher joy in the world today than the joy of work, the joy of feeling one's self a part of the great constructive force of the universe, the joy of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, the joy of knowing that through our lives humanity has been lifted a little higher, our own country made purer, freer, stronger.

I remember nearly fifty years ago, when I was a boy, I spent several of my summer vacations haying on Uncle John Ripley's mountain farm on Beech Hill. When I first went there I was sixteen years of age. I was as tall as I am now. I took a pair of trousers with a 32 waist and a 34 leg. I weighed about 120 pounds. My skin was white and my muscles were soft. It can readily be imagined that haying was not an easy task for me under these conditions. I went there with the understanding that I was to work through the summer and they would pay me what I was worth. I have a suspicion that they thought I would not be worth much if anything. When I was through my summer's work and ready to go back to school, the question arose as to how much I should receive for my wages and it was put up to Uncle John to settle. Uncle John was no sentimentalist and no molly-coddle. When you worked for him you got what you earned and you earned what you got. He settled the question by saying in his gruff but kindly way:—"Well, Howard, you've done a man's work and you ought to have a man's pay." I have thought many times since then that that was one of the finest compliments I ever received.

Bye and bye, when my life's work is done and I walk up to the Golden Gate some bright summer morning, and Uncle John meets me there, I hope he will be able to say as he did nearly fifty years ago:—"Well, Howard, you've done a man's work," and when my dust is mingled with my father's as I wish it to be here in Blandford, I would ask no better epitaph than the words of Uncle John Ripley, "He has done a man's work." If any one ever puts that old chestnut, "entered into rest," on my tombstone I will turn over in my grave and my ghost will haunt him as long as he lives. I have no use whatever for this heavenly rest business. I never could see the fun in floating around through space on angelic wings, twanging a harp and singing songs through all the endless and monotonous years of eternity. Three hours of a symphony concert is all that I can stand. I should want to go to the other place once in a while and see the fireworks. I want you to write on my epitaph, "He did a man's work here, now he has gone to work up higher," and if I get to heaven

first I'll have a Gibbs Association all organized by the time the rest of you get there.

Therefore, friends, let us weave into the very web and woof of the Family Association this gospel of work, this spirit of useful social service. Let us hold it ever as the standard of a successful life. Let us teach it by precept and by practice. Let us honor the memory of our forefathers who exemplified it. Let us inspire our children and our children's children to follow in their footsteps. So shall we fulfill the highest ideals of a family organization for we shall not only strengthen the ties of family fellowship; we shall not only upbuild the family life and character, but we shall hasten the oncoming of that diviner day when

"Love of kinsman, love of clan
Shall broaden into love of man."

ELIJAH GIBBS

By Dr. Henry O. Marcy

Born in Blandford, in 1761. His father Israel lived near the center of the town and was one of the farmers who profited by the introduction of the manufacture of cheese and butter in Blandford. His father lived a little north from the church not far from the then center of the town. The town was settled quite unlike that of the new towns, in fact, it had no especial village. Mr. A. M. Collins, of Hartford, interested the farmers of Blandford in the manufacture of butter and cheese; prior to this the farmers had practically little or nothing for export sale. Mr. Collins purchased a large number of cows and he sold them to the Blandford farmers, agreeing to take pay for them in butter and cheese, but the people did not know how to make cheese and Mr. Collins went from house to house and taught them. Mr. Collins himself lived in Blandford for nine years. He had made \$25,000 on his own account and the prosperity of the farmers was greatly increased. Israel was the father of Elijah, and was a member of the church of which he was one of the deacons.

The first pastor was James Morton, who was a graduate of Edinburgh, and settled in Boston as an associate in the Old South Church, which is one of the landmarks still in good preservation on Washington Street. Nearly every stranger seeks to visit it, because of its great historic interest.

He became acquainted with one Mr. Rogers, who lived on Beacon Street, near the site of the old Hancock House. He was a man of active affairs and was a slave owner.

His daughter Mary was an interesting girl and our young minister, Mr. Morton, paid his attentions so successfully that he won her heart and, later, her hand in marriage.

Her father was a prominent member of the Old South Church and one of the first to engage in the East India trade. In this he accumulated what was then considered a fortune. The young minister was finally accepted as the prospective son-in-law and the wedding dress and many other articles of comfort and ornament, were purchased in India for the benefit of the daughter.

The Missionary spirit associated with the great desire which actuated most of the early Colonists caused him to become associated with the first settlers of Blandford, of whom he was their first minister. He was the pastor and the leader of the flock and the minister at this period held

a position quite unlike that of the later day. He was easily the first man of influence in the town and assumed a kind of guardianship of the entire settlement, as if he was a father as well as spiritual advisor.

Before leaving Boston, a daughter, called Mary, was born in the old homestead and was about two years old when they moved to Blandford. She was christened in the Old South Church and the baby blanket is still in excellent preservation and highly prized by its owner, who is a great great grandson.

I think the house of James Morton, which was built in Blandford at this early date, is still in existence.

Israel Gibbs was a so-called well-to-do farmer and lived on the same street, a neighbor of Mr. Morton. Naturally enough the children became associated and Israel, as one of the deacons of the church, held a high position in the esteem of his neighbors. The school privileges were few, yet all were taught to read and write and study the Bible. The church was the center of social and civic as well as religious duties. The singing school, the social gatherings of the people, became the chief attraction and charm of the neighborhood. This intimate knowledge brought about a kind of kinship of family type. This was when neighbors were neighbors. The family doctor was held in high esteem, perhaps next to that of the clergyman. When sickness occurred, no one was neglected, each family serving the other. When buildings were to be erected, the neighbors gathered together in a common spirit what was then called the "raising," which applied equally well, to the building of house or barn. No one thought of compensation and money but it was a kind of mutual exchange of combined service.

In the same way certain co-associated service was shared by the neighboring women. The so-called "quilting" was perhaps a weekly assembling during the autumn period for the manufacture of bed quilts, etc. In this way the entire neighborhood was in a certain sense one family, usually cultivating a friendly spirit. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, all men of good physical condition were expected to show their patriotism by voluntary enlistment. A considerable contingent of the elders had seen active service in the French and Indian War and these men enlisted actuated by the one motive of freedom from English rule.

Elijah Gibbs was a healthy, vigorous boy of scarcely more than sixteen years of age when he enlisted with his father, and they became soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Unfortunately the history of the family gives little of detail of their experience as soldiers. We know that they were both serving together and were on duty at Fort Griswold, New London, when Arnold, with his command of British soldiers, captured the fort and massacred the entire garrison. Fortunately, the father and son had been sent away on special duty which saved them from this unfortunate fate. After this, they served in the Northern Army and their last serious campaigning was in the Battle of Saratoga, which was one of the turning points in the favor of the Colonists. Gen. Burgoyne with his whole army was captured. They were sent as prisoners, by slow marches, to Boston and both father and son served in the escort duty.

After the War, the home life was resumed in Blandford. The young soldier was a fine, handsome, strong, symmetrically built, attractive man. His only education was in the Blandford common school, which gave him the rudiments all important to a business life. He felt that he had been greatly profited by his army experience and that this was a training and discipline of mind as well as body. The minister's daughter had

developed into an attractive, beautiful young woman and the second turning point of his life was when he had won the affections of the pastor's only child and it seemed to both that Heaven had bestowed a blessing upon two souls. With modest assurance he sought the approval of her father. "Young man, do you think that you are worthy of her and to become my son-in-law? Thus far, I have carefully educated her personally and I have felt that she was worthy of a much higher position than to be the wife of a poor farmer. Have you means by which you can support a wife?"

Grandfather told him very truthfully; that he was poor and was comparatively uneducated, but the father must know that he was a young man of honor and that he had a high ambition to be worthy of the friendship of any man or woman; that he was strong physically and not afraid of work and with his approval, his daughter, as his wife, would merit and receive a distinctive success.

But the hard headed senior pastor had forgotten his long period of trial and disappointment in wooing and winning the daughter of one of the very rich East Indian merchants, a leading ship owner of Boston. Our young soldier was forbidden by the minister to ever again enter his house, or see his daughter.

He thought it all over carefully and planned for a campaign of conquest in which his young sweetheart was to share and together they were to set out upon a life voyage of able service.

Two mornings later, an open window, against which leaned a ladder, showed a means of exit of the daughter, and the next information received by the learned preacher was that now her name was Mrs. Elijah Gibbs, duly and legally married.

A large part of the township of Blandford was still unsettled. The Indian trail, through the green woods, extended westward quite to the Hudson river. Over this trail, which had now become a road, although of course a very poor substitute for modern use, Gen. Knox had transported the cannon from Lake Champlain to Boston in the first year of the war with eighty yoke of oxen, but for many miles west of Blandford it was still an unbroken forest which had been a favorite hunting ground for the Indians during the indefinable past.

This section is still one of great beauty, diversified by lakes and forest. The township had been plotted, but certain sections were still unoccupied. Here Elijah Gibbs, with his young bride, determined to settle and built a small house and barn. Their first child was born in 1788, and everything seemed to give promise of success when the house was burned and nearly all its furniture destroyed. But with stout hearts and willing hands they began life over again and the present house was soon built, located, as many now think, in one of the most beautiful sites of the town. The large double lake is of itself a picture of beauty, magnificently framed, in a fine forest.

Not long after this, he purchased another portion of the town of about a mile square and both were successfully farmed until my grandfather's death in 1841. He made large profit in the raising of cattle and sheep and the newly cleared land brought him large crops of grain. This, with butter and cheese, were the chief products of exportation. On the new farm, he planted out a large orchard, which in time developed the finest in the town. Certain varieties of apples not alone grew exceedingly well, but were of themselves of value. He employed many men in his service and after a time became the richest man in the town.

Owing to his early experiences, he became distinctly prejudiced

against the autocracy of the clergy. Their advice was sought, but their domination was deprecated.

Although his father was a deacon of the church and his wife the only child of the minister, he refused membership but was more or less regular in church service, attended by his family.

His daughter Fanny, my mother, was for many years a member of the church and of the choir. Indeed the church was the real center of social life and a great school of instruction. Several subsequent pastors made national repute, for it was not many years before the spirit which had dominated New England was still pressing westward for new settlements in which the Gibbs' descendants had full share.

Late in life my grandfather became quite blind from cataracts, but to the end was in active mental vigor. He was respected by many seeking his entire council, who lived in other towns. He was sometimes called Squire Gibbs, and was consulted because of rare judgment, and one room of the large house was kept as a sort of office. Here he had two framed pictures with the label of one, "I have been to law and won my case," but shabbily dressed and unattractive picture. The other, a somewhat similar figure, was clothed in rags, representing great poverty and was labelled, "I have been to law and lost my case."

It was not uncommon for him to refer to these pictures and when counseling individuals who could not agree and came to him for advice. These pictures represent the fruitage of liquidation, "I advise you not to refer for settlement to the Courts at Law."

Eleven children were born and reared in the old homestead and all better educated, as might be inferred from the improvement of the generation. All grew up to manhood and womanhood and were married and had children; eight sons and three daughters, and I had over sixty Gibbs cousins.

Elijah Gibbs was loved and revered by all who knew him. Generous to those who required need, lending a helping hand in sickness and misfortune. The wife surely discharged her share of matrimonial duty and reflected great credit from the father who had so carefully educated her. Each son at maturity was presented with a farm or its equivalent and the daughters given what was called a "dowry," supposed to be sufficient, in those days, for the modest furnishing of a respectable home.

When the estate was settled for subdivision its appraised value was \$50,000. Last year, I visited the old home. Some years ago it was purchased by a gentleman from New York, of wealth who desired a country home and it is said expended over a half million of dollars in its improvement. It now consists of over a thousand acres of land, with fine meadows and orchards and the beautiful lake is surrounded by a fine driveway; its waters now furnish an ample supply for the City of Springfield.

HENRY O. MARCY.

ABNER ENSIGN GIBBS

By Katharine G. Allen

On a winter's day, February 8, 1835, in a substantial farmhouse in North Blandford, was born to Porter and Catherine Burr Gibbs a fourth child, a boy, whom they named Abner Ensign. His mother died of heart disease soon after he was born, leaving him a pale and delicate child to be brought up by his sisters, Catherine and Helen, and by his brother Charles. With these older children he was always a prime favorite.

The later claims of a step-mother and of four half sisters and brothers pushed the first nestlings to the edge of the nest. They had to take up a trade early and had to contribute to the family funds. All of them regretted the slender education they had had as children.

The boy Abner is said to have worked part of the time on his father's farm until he was about twenty years of age and to have attended school winters in the "old red school house." Many stories he used to tell of the rigors of the discipline in that school at times.

He died when I, his daughter, was only eighteen, and too young to be much interested in my fore-bears. I left Westfield immediately and later married and lived in Philadelphia sixteen years. When I returned to New England it was too late to learn the facts of his early life. His brothers and sisters had died.

The following is quoted from an article published at the time of his death which was supplied, I believe, by Mr. Myron Lloyd, who was brought up on a neighboring farm and with whom he was intimate all his life.

"When he was about twenty years of age, he went to the far west but soon returned, sick with fever and ague. As soon as health would permit, he commenced work in a sash and blind factory in Springfield, but being thrown out of work by the 'hard times' of 1857, he turned his attention to school teaching, his first efforts in that direction being in the little red school house on Beech Hill, in the southern part of Blandford. He was for a time bookkeeper in a wholesale grocery house in New York, and in the winter of 1858-59 kept the school at Little River in this town (the town of Westfield). The following winter he commenced teaching in the town of Hyde Park, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he continued until he entered the Westfield Normal school in the winter of 1862. He graduated in 1863, but not readily finding a position as teacher, he worked for a time in the U. S. Armory at Springfield. Leaving the Armory, he was for three years principal of the High School in Ware, Massachusetts. While in Ware, Williams college conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. In the spring of 1867, he received and accepted the principalship of our High School (the Westfield High School and Academy) much to the regret of the people of Ware. For sixteen and one-third years—49 terms—he has been the head of our High School, and how well he has led in the educational work of our town is known to all of us."

On August 29, 1883, just a few days before the opening of the fall term, he died suddenly, leaving an invalid wife and five children.

In those forty-eight years he had seen all the different kinds of lighting, from the tallow dip to the electric light—not the perfected light we know—to be sure, but the incandescent horse shoe, and the big arc lamp. He enjoyed telling of walking from Springfield to Agawam, four miles, after a day's work, to be present at the lighting of a lamp his sister had bought, a whale oil lamp that would light up the whole room. This lamp was still at Mr. Sam Bodurtha's when I used to visit so pleasantly there, as a girl.

Although he had back of him the sterling physical and moral inheritance of the Blandford Gibbises—he himself was never robust, physically—the few biographical facts here set down would scarcely prepare one for the great power his life became. His slender schooling was only the start of his education. From his beginning to have the leisure teaching afforded, his real studies commenced, and from that time on, he read and studied all the time. He was particularly interested in

science, dynamic geology being his specialty. Prof. Shaler of Harvard invited him, one summer, to be his guest for a trip with one of his classes through the Connecticut Valley that the class might have the benefit of my father's knowledge of the geology of that region. He had great piles of essays on different subjects, mostly scientific, written on foolscap paper in his clear flowing hand. By this means he clarified his ideas on what he had read and, besides, acquired power of expression. The last years of his life he became interested in scientific farming which he took up in the same thorough way in which he had taken up everything else. He put this into practice, in a small way, and was in demand to speak at grange meetings and at other meetings of farmers. I remember him as a good clear speaker with something to say.

He was very quiet and reserved, and very gentle at home. The last of his life I was his special confidant and his companion on his walks and drives. Our mutual reserve and my immaturity prevented my discussing with him many things which I wished afterwards I had done, but I know that he was in the front rank of thought, scientific and religious. I have been told that he set up an electric telephone between the High School and Music Hall as an experiment in physics. But little did he dream of its commercial possibilities. He accepted the Darwinian theory and was trying to make it tally with his theological training, which had been most orthodox, and from which he already differed as much as his naturally religious nature would let him. In 1883, Biblical criticism was in its infancy and many things in theology, which were then dark, have since been made light. He conducted a class for young men in the Congregational Church for some time, which was most enthusiastically attended.

But the thing that marks him worthy of remembrance is the moral uplift that his life was to his pupils, the love and devotion he was able to inspire, not so much by what he did, as by what he was. From the resolutions passed by the Alumni of the High School at the time of his death, I cull the following:—

“—one whose life has been an inspiration and a guide, and the memory of whose teachings will abide beyond the power of death.

“That as a man of broad general culture, high moral purpose and integrity, and enthusiasm for the truth; as a teacher of scholarly attainments, exalted conception of his calling, and a remarkable power of forming the character of those whom he taught, we hold him in honored and lasting remembrance.

“That we gratefully recognize his influence in our lives and acknowledge our debt of obligation, cherishing his memory by earnest efforts towards true and noble living.”

That was his power—to inspire others, in memory of him, to try to live true and noble lives. What greater thing could anyone do?

And his life had always been a brave struggle against the physical weakness which he inherited from his mother, against slender means, and later against serious illness in the family. His name may be added to those of the many whose handicap has strengthened effort and who have won success against great odds. These lives are an inspiration and a challenge to achievement.

At the time of his death there was, naturally, talk of a memorial to him, but nothing came of it. In 1912, this project was revived by the prominent men of Westfield, all of whom had been his pupils nearly thirty years before, and it was decided to name for him, the new school building then being erected on Silver Street. In the fall of 1913, the building

was formally named and dedicated, Mr. Greenough, his teacher at the Normal School, and a lifelong friend, Mr. Joseph B. Ely, and Mr. Lucius Thayer, who had been his pupils, taking prominent parts in the dedicatory exercises, while Mr. William Read, another pupil, was chairman of the building committee and largely responsible for its up-to-date character in architectural beauty and superior equipment.

That this memorial should have been made so many years after his death seemed to show how lasting and real his influence in Westfield had been, and pleased me more than any memorial, made in a burst of feeling at the time of his death, could have done. And that this should have been an added school building seems the most appropriate possible memorial to one whose life had expressed itself through the noble calling of teaching. I feel sure no other memorial could have pleased him more.

The following poem, read at the dedication, was written by one who had taught with him, Miss Frances Fowler, of Westfield.

"Poor, like the pastures of our native land,
Giving, as they, whatever they could give,
Rich, like our mountains, friends who steadfast stand
To teach us truths by which we learn to live;
He labored, earnest, searching every mind,
Joyous at times, when as the day was done,
He found a spirit seeking e'er to find.
Stern as our granite, narrow as the strain
Of the old race which felt, but would not yield.
Broad'ning, he gently judged; and his clear brain
Grasped the new light, and entered the new field.
Throwing aside in love the shackling Past
He grew more tender; met the eager truth;
And we who loved him, saw his mantle cast
O'er younger lives. His hand has blessed our youth.

KATHARINE GIBBS ALLEN.

Watertown, Massachusetts, August 4, 1922.

Ad perpetuam patris cari memoriam.

THE MESSAGE OF THE HILLS

By Harold L. Gibbs

Members of the Gibbs Family, Relatives, Friends:—

Again comes the call of the clan to meet together for friendship's sake and to make the name of Gibbs a worthy and honorable name among the sons of men. Once more it is the hill tops which find us together again, breathing in their fragrance, feeling the calm influence of their sacred memories, bowing our hearts before their grandeur, seeing in our hearts once again the vision of the hills. Here we are, those who represent ten generations of those who bear the name of Gibbs and wear upon their shoulders the mantle of an honorable family. Some of us here are old with years. Many summers and winters we have lived with these hills, knowing the story they have to tell, often longing to go down into life and help to carry out the vision which they inspire. But opportunity has not accompanied the vision. Age and bodily weakness have prevented us from wending our way down the hill into the ways and byways of the world there to write the name of Gibbs upon the life of city and town, upon the lives of the sons of the earth. And so we have stayed within the shadow of the hills, guarding their memories, preserving their vision.

waiting for another generation to come just for a few brief hours to commune with us here, to live over with us again in memory the deeds of our forefathers and all together dedicate ourselves once more to the vision of the hills. Then to take our way back into the valleys of life to practice and live the vision of the hills.

How many generations have visited the tomb of George Washington? There silently they have dedicated their lives to the principles for which he stood, firmly resolving in their short span of years to carry on that vision which he saw at Valley Forge and let the world know that George Washington still lives in the hearts of the younger citizens of this country.

You of the older generation, we are here for a few short hours to catch again the glimpse of the vision that has moulded your lives. Just for a moment we want to stand with you before the vision of the hills upon which have been written forever the name of Gibbs. You have met the cares and problems of life. We are about to meet them. You have tried to meet them as a Gibbs should in the spirit of Israel and Mary Gibbs and that small band of men and women who, travelling westward toward the setting sun, saw for the first time the vision of these hills and there dedicated their lives to it and wove into the beauty of its splendor for generations to come the honorable name of Gibbs. We are here, fathers and mothers. We are going down the hill again into the world. Here in the quiet of the hills place upon our shoulders the mantle of the family, teach us to live the ideals which you have preserved for us, send us forth today to not only bear the name of Gibbs but to live as one who bears the same name as those two pioneers, Israel and Mary Gibbs. Tell us what they saw in the hills that strengthened their lives and made them brave. Show us today the vision of the hills.

Have you ever thought what the hills have meant in the history of mankind? It was on Mount Sinai that Moses caught the vision of God and went down again to teach and lead his people. It was on the Mount of Olives that Our Lord finally caught the vision of God that led Him back into the city to die on the cross for all mankind that they might be led to see the vision which He saw on the hills.

God seems to teach us from the hills. There, with the world at our feet, with the beauty and grandeur of His world around us, He seems to whisper in our ear—go down into the world again—remember me always—live according to my commandments—teach others about me. Those who have caught the vision have gone into the world and made it a better place to live in.

We, the younger generation, are here to catch for a moment the vision of the hills. Where do we see it? Yes, in the wonderful green of the hillsides, the flowers of many colors, the stimulating breezes waving the tree tops. Our hearts beat faster as we stand here. Then we go up to the cemetery and just for a moment with closed eyes and bowed heads we remember the deeds of those we call our fathers.

But it is in your lives that we must look for the inspiration to carry on the name of Gibbs. You are living, moving, breathing, thinking people and it is in your lives and deeds that we must learn and get the vision.

Don't disappoint us, fathers and mothers. We are eager and alert and ready to be off. Be sure before you let us go that, wherever we are, we may live as a Gibbs should; that whatever we do, we may do it in the spirit and according to the ideals given us by you, the fathers of our family.

Everywhere all men are saying that the safety of the world depends

upon the younger generation. Men and women of your generation have lived in the influence of two great wars until war is a hated name among you. But in the future who will take into their hands the destinies of this country? It is ourselves. You see the vision of peace, the vision that comes from the hills. Do we? Oh! our fathers and mothers, our blood is hot, we retaliate, action is our lives. Do you see what that means? It means unless you can hand on to us your vision of peace as our guide, that our hot blood, our impatient spirits will find us soon in the midst of war.

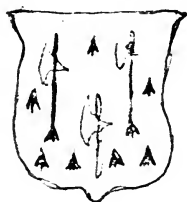
You have lived through many troubles between labor and capital, until your minds are tempered with reason and your minds are no longer blinded with selfish rage of class hatred. You want to see both sides friendly and to see them give and take as Christian men and women and as brothers. Do we feel the same? I tell you, fathers and mothers, our blood is hot. Prejudice looms big in our lives. Fierce action is our method. Can you temper that with the coolness of your reason. Can you show us the mastery that comes with loving, brotherly getting together and forgiving and giving and receiving? You can, if you will. We are here to receive it.

We, who live down in the world, see sin, sorrow, suffering and all the pains of men. We are hardened, fathers and mothers. We have become cynics. We have come to believe that all that is a necessary part of our life and that all we can do will never stop it. The other morning as I was going to breakfast, a young man was killed by a truck. They rolled his body up on the sidewalk, covered it with paper, and all of us went on our way. It was a necessary part of the life of the city. Our hearts are hardened. You who have caught the vision are not like that. Your hearts have been softened and touched and you know that these are not necessary but are the results of men's selfish wicked ways. You know that each one has a duty to do all in his power to rid the world of these evil conditions. Soften our hearts. Inspire us to give our lives to helping the world to be better, to fashioning it after the vision of the hills.

The world is selfish. Men are grasping. They are turning from the things that are good. The ideals of religion no longer appeal to them. The vision of Jesus Christ is not even known to thousands of men and women. Those who settled on these hills set that vision of Jesus Christ as the foundation of their lives. The vision of brotherly love for all the sons of men, of equal opportunity for all, of kindly help for those in need, was the vision they saw here and handed on.

And now today we, the younger generation, have come to gaze on that vision. Teach us what it means. Show us how it can be the guide not only to the intricate ways of this world but a guide to world to come. Make us to understand that woven into the letters of the name of Gibbs is the vision of Jesus Christ, woven there by the lives of men and women and by yourselves. We must go on weaving, living, passing on to others the vision of how a man ought to live, after the pattern of Him who centuries ago, alone on the hill, caught the vision for all time and hands it down to all men everywhere.

THE GIBBS FAMILY BULLETIN



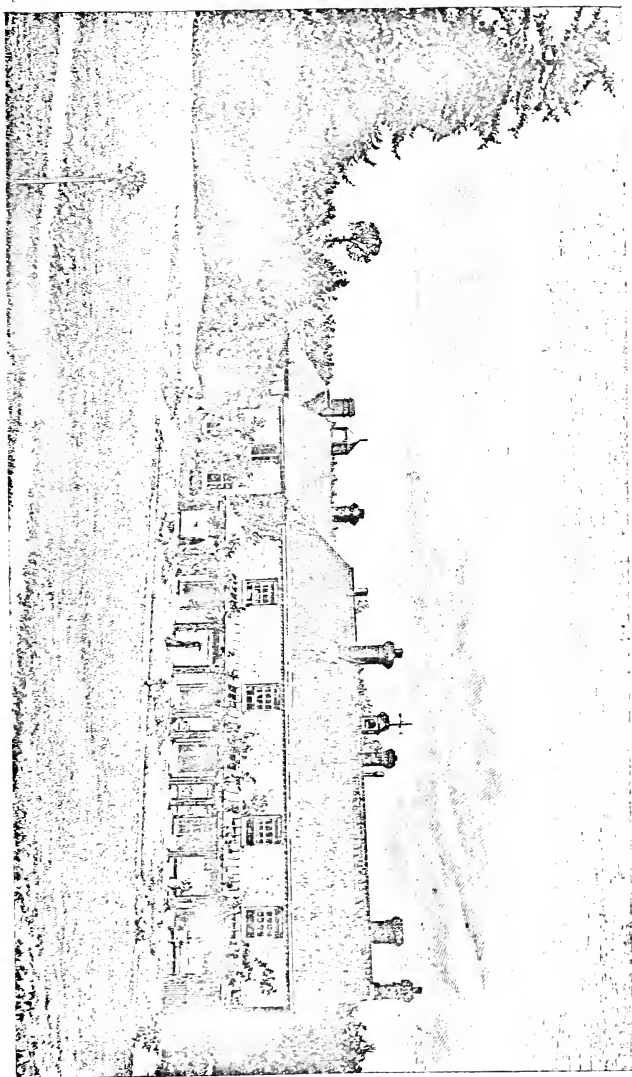
NUMBER FOUR

JANUARY 1924

THE GIBBS FAMILY BULLETIN

E7.G 352

"PYTTE," HOME OF JOHN GIBBE, CLYST ST. GEORGE, COUNTY DEVON, ENGLAND
IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS



The Gibbs Family Bulletin

NUMBER 4

JANUARY, 1924

Foreword

We have placed this article first because we want you to read it before you look at the pictures. It is an honest-to-goodness, straight-from-the-shoulder, heart-to-heart talk in regard to the finances and work of the family association. After you have finished reading the rest of the Bulletin, turn back and read this article a second time.

The Gibbs Family Association came into existence a little less than two years ago. At its inception it was a case of making bricks without straw. We were obliged to start without membership, without funds, without organization. The first meeting was held in Boston in April, 1922. The expenses of that meeting were incurred by one individual who took the responsibility, ran the risks and paid the bills. At that meeting the organization was perfected and a start was made towards securing members and subscriptions. In a short time sufficient funds had been raised to meet the expenses of the organization meeting.

In the fall the question arose as to how best continue the work, arouse interest and increase the membership. The Council decided that the best way to accomplish this was to take over the Family Bulletin, which had previously been published by the Blandford branch, make it a national affair and use it for propaganda purposes. We were in the position of the farmer who must prepare his field, broadcast his fertilizer, sow his seed and trust for his harvest. The Bulletin was our fertilizer and seed. Members of the Gibbs family scattered all over the United States were our soil.

An edition of 1200 copies of the Bulletin was published in 1923 at an expense of \$225. This was used largely for propaganda purposes, sending them to a selected mailing list and to any others who had expressed interest. Again one individual prepared the copy, engaged the printer, took the responsibility of a bill of \$225, prepared the mailing lists and mailed them. With each Bulletin was sent a blank application for membership and a subscription blank for the publication fund. About one hundred new members were secured and the dues, together with the funds subscribed, paid the expenses of publication.

At the beginning of 1924 we are faced with the same proposition, except that we have a larger membership, an increased interest and a much better organization. There are no salaries paid to anyone. All the routine work of the office is done gratuitously. There are practically no expenses except for the Bulletin, stationery and postage. The time is rapidly coming when some of the routine work of the office must be paid for or left undone. The office has been the object of some

criticism and complaint, and justly so, on account of its slowness, but please bear in mind that we are trying to crowd this family work into the activities of a busy life and there are times when the family work must be sidetracked.

We have received much advice as to how the work should be carried on and money raised. Much of the advice is excellent and we appreciate the spirit in which it is given. We can all agree that the work must go on, that the Bulletin is an essential part of it and that the expenses should be met by the general membership so far as possible. This must be our final objective. Five hundred members would put us on easy street, pay for the Bulletin and the routine office work, but how are we to get them if we confine our circulation to those who are already members?

For the present we can see no way to meet the situation which confronts us except for those of us who are sufficiently interested in the Bulletin to give it necessary financial support. This is just what the Association at its last meeting voted to do. It was decided to send out an appeal asking each one what he will subscribe yearly for a period of five years to the support of the Bulletin. This does not mean that the subscribers must pay all the expenses of the publication. It means that they will provide a permanent guarantee fund, and make up *pro rata* any deficiency. This will put the Bulletin upon a sound and permanent basis. We believe that the Bulletin will continue to pay for itself and that this will be increasingly easy as the work goes on and the membership grows, meanwhile we must continue to fertilize the soil and plant the seed.

We are enclosing subscription blanks for the publication fund and urge each member to do what he can.

Membership

As stated above, five hundred dues paying members will meet the financial requirements of the Association and preclude any further appeals for special subscriptions. *Why can't we have these five hundred members this year?* Sign the enclosed membership card and get others to do so. An individual certificate of membership suitable for framing will be sent to each member and his name put upon our mailing list for the Bulletin.

Genealogical Work

The compiling of the genealogical data of the Gibbs Family in America at first seemed a stupendous task. The family has been here for nearly three hundred years and practically no work has been along genealogical lines. With the interest which has been aroused by the family association many branches and individuals have taken up the work and it is growing apace. The Giles Gibbs branch has its data fairly complete; the Blandford branch is arranging an original card file system which will facilitate the work. The Southern branch has offered prizes for the best research work. Many sub branches have been traced out and the records are now in the national office. The National Association acts as a repository and clearing house for all this data and its value is in exact proportion to the amount of material

which is sent in. It should be the first duty of every member therefore, after he has sent in his membership application, to write to the national office giving all the data regarding his own immediate family, names of children, dates of all births, marriages and deaths, then going back as far as possible, to give the same data in regard to his parents, grandparents, etc. together with such information as he can as to where they lived and whence they came. In this way alone shall we finally be able to fill in the gaps and eventually compile a genealogy of which we may feel proud. Finally send to the national office every year a record of all births, marriages and deaths so that the records can be kept up to date.

Mailing List

Please keep the national office informed of any change in your address, also send in from time to time the addresses of any persons who belong to the family and may be interested. This is one of the most effective lines of work for individual members.

Final word.

Let us briefly summarize the needs of the Association and the duties of the membership in the order of their importance: First, enroll yourself as a member and pay the annual dues; second, subscribe to the publication fund of the Bulletin; third, send in genealogical and historical data; fourth, send us any new addresses and keep us informed of your own.

Report of the Annual Meeting of the Gibbs Family Association of America at Watertown, Mass., January 30, 1924

The annual meeting of the Gibbs Family Association was held at the Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass. on the evening of January 30, at 7.30 P. M., Dr. Howard A. Gibbs in the chair. Mr. William E. Gibbs was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The Treasurer, Katharine G. Allen, reported that \$360.53 had been received in dues and contributions during the years 1922 and 1923, that \$321.19 had been expended during this time, the greater part for the publication of the Family Bulletin, and that there was a balance of \$38.62 in treasury. The report was accepted.

The President, Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, gave a verbal report of the activities of the Association for the two years of its existence. Starting with no organization, no membership and no funds it now had about 130 dues paying members on its roll and nearly 1500 Gibbses on its mailing list. These members are scattered in every state and territory and are constantly being added to, largely as the result of the circulation of the Family Bulletin. He gave the following statement as showing the growth and cost of the Bulletin:

The Gibbs Family Association of America

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

THIS Certifies That
Henry B. Gibbs

having complied with the requirements of the Constitution and
By-Laws has been approved as a member of this Association.

Dated

January 20 1924

Howard C. Gibbs, President

William C. Gibbs, Secretary

INDIVIDUAL CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP—(REDUCED)

1921	8 pages	200 copies	cost \$ 40
1922	32 pages	400 copies	cost \$150
1923	40 pages	1200 copies	cost \$225

He stated that the Bulletin for the first two years had been published gratuitously and circulated by the Blandford Branch and that the publication had been assumed by the National Association in 1923. It is the only bond of union between the Association and its members scattered all over the United States. As a result of its circulation there had been 80 new members during the last year and the annual dues and contributions had paid for its publication. The President urged the continuation of the Bulletin as a means of reaching the members and securing new ones. He also urged the holding of a reunion in Boston every year and the formation of a branch there.

The President's report was accepted.

The Nominating Committee then reported the following nominations for officers for 1924: for *President*, Dr. Howard A. Gibbs of Boston; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Katharine G. Allen of Watertown; *Recorder*, Mrs. R. M. Gibbs of Waltham; *Members of Council*, William E. Gibbs; George S. Gibbs; Augusta J. King; Louis D. Gibbs; *Vice-Presidents*, William E. Gibbs of Westfield, Mass.; Robert A. Gibbs of Los Angeles, Cal.; Susa Young Gates of Salt Lake City, Utah; Herbert M. Milam of Atlanta, Georgia; Clara Gibbs Lorimer of Evanston, Ill.; Dr. J. B. Gibbs of Burnsville, N. C.; Russell A. Gibbs of Sherman, Texas; George F. Gibbs of Rosemont, Pa.; Dr. S. W. Gibbs of Fall River, Mass.; Aline Gibbs Jonas of Washington, D. C.; Nathan A. Gibbs of Norwich, Conn.; Col. George S. Gibbs of Washington, D. C.

The report of the nominating committee was accepted and the nominees elected by ballot.

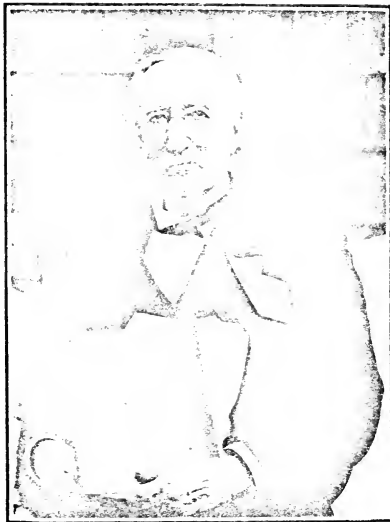
After an informal discussion it was voted to continue the publication of the Bulletin under the auspices of the Association as at present, and to issue an appeal to the members of the family to assure its permanence by subscriptions to a fund to cover a period of five years. The Bulletin for 1924 will be sent out with this appeal. The material is already in hand for a Bulletin as large as that of 1923.

The Association also voted to organize branches in Boston, also on Cape Cod, and the following committees were appointed to carry out this plan: for the Boston Branch, Mrs. R. M. Gibbs, Mrs. Joseph F. Gibbs, Mrs. Julia Gibbs Adams. George S. Gibbs; for the Cape Cod Branch, Mr. H. B. Gibbs, Mrs. H. B. Gibbs, and Harold Gibbs of Sagamore, Mass.

The exercises were interspersed by songs delightfully rendered by a chorus of girls from the Perkins Institution and closed with a bountiful collation served by our Secretary and hostess of the evening, Mrs. Allen.

DR. HENRY ORLANDO MARCY

The death of Dr. Henry O. Marcy on January 1, 1924 removed one of our members whose whole life is an inspiration. He was the son of Fanny (Gibbs) Marcy and grandson of Elijah Gibbs, whose biography was written by Dr. Marcy and published in the Bulletin for 1923. Dr. Marcy has been a member of the Blandford branch since its organization; was the senior member of the Family Council and took an active interest in all its work. The pleasure which he derived from our reunions was fully equalled by the inspiration and pleasure which his presence gave us. He took keen delight in visiting the scenes of



DR. HENRY ORLANDO MARCY

his early boyhood days in Blandford and renewing the old time friendships. He was present on both days of our 1923 reunion.

Dr. Marcy was born June 23, 1837 in the town of Otis, just over the western boundry of Blandford, where he spent his early days on his father's farm. He was educated at Wilbraham Academy and Amherst College and received his degree of M. D. from Harvard College in 1863. He immediately entered the civil war and was successively assistant surgeon, surgeon, medical director of Florida and director on General Sherman's staff. In 1869 and 1870 he studied abroad, in Berlin, Edinburgh and London. Returning to the United States he became the champion and leader of the new method of antiseptic surgery and lived to take an active part in its marvelous achievement. He was

perhaps best known as a surgeon, though his work in the field of general medicine endeared him to many. He was a voluminous writer and his work on *The Anatomy and Surgical Treatment of Hernia* is monumental. He had completed a revision of it but a few months before his death.

Dr. Marcy was something more than a "practitioner" of medicine and surgery. He was a student, a teacher, a leader in every sense of the term. His leadership was recognized not only in his own state but throughout the whole country and the world. To the very last his active mind was in touch with the leaders of medical thought and work in all countries. In the United States he was honored with the highest office in the gift of the medical profession, the Presidency of the American Medical Association, and was a beloved and honored member to the last.

No review of Dr. Marcy's life would be complete without mention of his civic activities. Here he was a man of broad vision. His influence did much to transform the mud marshes of Cambridge and Boston into the beautiful esplanade of the Charles River Basin, and he often spoke of this as his "monument."

Ripe in years, rich in experience, broad in his vision, and quick in his sympathies Dr. Marcy has left us an example to emulate and a memory which can only grow richer and dearer as the years go by.

Report of the Annual Meeting of the Southern Branch

The annual meeting of the Southern branch of the Gibbs Family Association was a very enjoyable occasion. The meeting was very well attended, there being a hundred or more North Carolinians present, besides several letters of greeting and approval from other states. After two hours of social and introductory ceremony, and a most excellent picnic dinner the gathering was called to order and presided over jointly by the President, Joshua M. Gibbs, and the first Vice-President, Joshua P. Gibbs.

Following the Secretary's report a few moments of profound sadness was felt by all on the announcement of the death of Mrs. Eliza Gibbs Trull, who was the oldest, and perhaps the most beloved member of our association. I think the obituary notice will be appreciated. Many short talks and interesting suggestions were made for the good of the order, and a cash prize of twenty dollars was offered for the best article on "The Gibbs Family in the Carolinas," and a painting of the family coat of arms for the second best by any member of the southern branch. The decision will be made by the faculty of Mars Hill College, and all articles must be sent to the Secretary before the first day of August, 1924.

The following officers were elected to serve for 1924:

OFFICERS OF THE SOUTHERN BRANCH

President—Joshua M. Gibbs

Vice-Presidents—Joshua P. Gibbs, Burnsville, N. C.

Robert Gibbs, Hickory, N. C.

Council

R. S. Gibbs, Mars Hill, N. C. John B. Gibbs, Hickory, N. C.

Dr. E. W. Gibbs, Shelby, N. C. Rev. A. C. Gibbs, Thomasville, N. C.

Robert Gibbs, Celo, N. C.

Secretary-Treasurer—Dr. J. B. Gibbs, Burnsville, N. C.

Assistants

Miss Ola Giles,
Wilmington, N. C.

Mrs. Blanche Hamilton,
Burnsville, N. C.

Miss Katherine Gibbs,
Mars Hill, N. C.

Mrs. Maud Sams Gibbs,
Shelby, N. C.

Mrs. Robert Gibbs,
Hickory, N. C.

Recorder

Frank E. Gibbs, Mars Hill, N. C.

Next reunion at the home of James J. Gibbs, Mars Hill, N. C.,
Wednesday, August 13, 1924.

Committees

The assistant secretaries are to constitute a correspondence, or membership committee, and are asked to collect all the genealogical and historical facts, records, books and materials pertaining to the families in the southern states, as well as to see that all are notified of all meetings and proceedings of the association.



JOSHUA P. GIBBS



L. H. GIBBS, M. D.
Scranton, Pa.



COLONEL GEORGE S. GIBBS

Committee on Program for next reunion

Mrs. Julia Gibbs Bowditch,
Burnsville, N. C.

Mrs. Grace Gibbs Owen,
Mars Hill, N. C.

Mrs. Oakla Gibbs,
Mars Hill, N. C.

SKETCH OF THE SOUTHERN BRANCH

By JOSHUA P. GIBBS, *Vice-President*

Genealogy

In the year 1790 forty-three Gibbs families were living in North Carolina. Of this number was a John Gibbs living in Burke County, who reared ten sons—William, James, John, David, Bryant, Archibald, Joshua, Hugh, Thomas, and Wesley; and one daughter—Elizabeth—who married Penland.

William—son of John above mentioned—married Elizabeth Conley, and reared near Morganton, N. C. seven sons—Archibald, John Ballew, Ervin, Glenn, Fulwood, Joshua and Caleb; and three daughters—Rebecca, Eliza, and Harriett.

These are the ancestors of practically all the Gibbs families in Western North Carolina, but most of the above mentioned descendants left this state in their younger days, and it is their children from whom we would like to hear and have become members of our association. In fact one principal object in establishing a family organization is to trace our genealogy back through the days of war when the state records, as well as most private and family records, were destroyed. To stimulate those who should be interested in perfecting the record of our family during these years, we have offered the prizes above mentioned. It is especially desired that any one who has, or may be able to secure, any facts bearing on the history of the family in the South communicate with the Secretary, Dr. J. B. Gibbs, at Burnsville, N. C. Please accept this as an appeal for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

JOSHUA P. GIBBS,

Vice-President Southern Association.

MRS. ELIZA GIBBS TRULL

Born, August 19th, 1837; died, April 26th, 1923. For nearly eighty-six years she was a citizen of Yancey county, having been born and reared at Celo, N. C., where she lived, died and was buried in the family cemetery at that place, April 27th, 1923.

She was the daughter of Rev. Thomas and Priscilla Finley Gibbs, her parents being descended from old and honorable English families, and her father being a pioneer minister of the Puritan days.

She was probably the oldest member of her family association. To her we are indebted for much family history and tradition which could not have been gotten otherwise, and since "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," for the most precious legacy.

She leaves one daughter, Mrs. W. S. Bryant, of Celo, N. C., and a host of relatives and friends to whom we would commend for emulation the truly wonderful life of this good woman.

Report of the Annual Meeting of the Gibbs Family Association, Blandford Branch, at Blandford, Mass., August 25, 1924

The annual meeting of the Association was called to order at the Chapel at 10.30 a. m., Dr. H. A. Gibbs in the chair.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mrs. Allen, Mr. Robert M. Gibbs was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The President, Dr. H. A. Gibbs, then gave his annual report in verbal form:—While there are no dues paying members, the Branch now has 197 on its mailing list, 19 of whom have been added during the year. These are scattered over 20 states and territories. Of this number 23 are members of the national Association to which they contributed \$23 in dues and \$34 for the Bulletin publication fund. The President urged that a larger number join the national Association.

Referring to the Gibbs Family Bulletin the President reported that the publication had been taken over by the national Association.

On motion it was voted to approve and accept the President's report.

The Treasurer's report was then read showing that there was a balance of \$59.76 on hand at the beginning of the year; that \$38.79 had been received during the year; that there had been expenditures of \$55.01, leaving a balance on hand of \$43.54.

The report of the Council meeting which was held at Westfield on August 24 was then presented by Mr. William E. Gibbs. The following persons were reported as the nominees of the Council for the various offices of the Association for the ensuing year: For President, Dr. Howard A. Gibbs of Boston; for Secretary-Treasurer, Katherine G. Allen of Watertown; for Recorder, Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs of Suffield, Conn.; for Assistant Recorder, Miss Ruth E. Gibbs of Belmont; for member of Family Council, Robert M. Gibbs of Pittsfield for five years. On motion it was voted that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for these nominees and they were declared elected.

The report of the special committee on Finance was presented by William E. Gibbs, Chairman. He recommended the establishment of the budget system and a permanent sustaining fund to be raised by collection and appeal by letter. The report was accepted and subscription cards were passed for contributions. The Secretary reported a cash collection of \$39 and pledges of \$53.

The report of the special committee on Bulletin and Reunion Mrs. Katharine G. Allen, Chairman, was presented. She urged the publication of genealogical material from time to time, also the holding of a winter meeting in Boston in connection with the national Association. The report was accepted. The discussion brought out some difference of opinion as to the advisability of publishing a Bulletin by the Blandford branch alone. It was finally decided to continue the present arrangement of a National Bulletin.

The report of the special committee on Young People was presented by Robert M. Gibbs, Chairman. He urged the benefits of the Association to the young people also the need of their taking an active part in its work. The report was accepted.

The President then reported the deaths of the following members of the family since the last reunion:

Mr. Elwyn Ingersoll of Lee, Mass.

Mr. Spencer L. Bronson of Russell, Mass.

Mrs. Henry C. Gibbs of Westfield, Mass.

The matter of the proposed cutting of the pine grove in the old cemetery at Blandford was then brought to the notice of the Association and after a spirited discussion it was voted unanimously to oppose this proposition and a special committee was appointed to express the sentiments of the Association to the cemetery commissioners and to take such steps as they deemed necessary to protect the pines. The committee was appointed as follows: Dr. Henry O. Marcy, David Brockett, Frank N. Gibbs, Mrs. Augusta J. King, Dr. Joseph A. Gibbs, William E. Gibbs, Mrs. Robert Lorimer.

At the close of the business session a bountiful lunch was served by the ladies of the church in the dining room. This lunch was unanimously voted the "best yet" and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Immediately after the lunch a procession was formed in front of the chapel and took up its march, the children leading, to the old cemetery where under the shade of the towering pines decoration exercises were held at the graves of our common ancestors, Israel and Mary Gibbs. These exercises were in charge of Mrs. Joseph Gibbs of Suffield. After a song by Miss Bernice Gibbs, the words and music of which were composed for the occasion, Rev. D. B. Aldrich of Somerville gave a short address.

The afternoon exercises in the chapel consisted of a recitation, "Dad" by Miss Martha Gibbs, biographical addresses, "Israel and Mary Gibbs" by Dr. H. O. Marcy, "Captain Lester Gibbs" by Mrs. Augusta J. King, "Orlando and Marietta Gibbs" by Mrs. Robert Lorimer, a recitation by Chas. C. Parsons, closing with "Auld Lang Syne."

EXERCISES AT THE CHURCH, SUNDAY, AUGUST 26

The old Blandford church "on the hill" of which Israel Gibbs was one of the founders, and which has become one of the landmarks of western Massachusetts was the Mecca of many of the members of the Gibbs family and people of Blandford on Sunday morning. By courtesy of the pastor the services were given over to the Gibbs family. The music was provided by a quartette of made voices under the direction of William E. Gibbs of Westfield. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. B. Aldrich; extracts from the church records compiled by Chas. B. Hayden who has been clerk of the church for forty years, were read by Dr. Plumb Brown; an address of welcome was given by the pastor, Mr. Robertson; and the address of the day, "Our Heritage and Our Duty" by Dr. Howard A. Gibbs. The exercises closed by the singing of "America."

The attendance for the two days was close to the hundred mark. The following states were represented: Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Illinois and Florida. In interest and enthusiasm it was one of the best.

Annual Reunion of the Ohio Branch of the Gibbs Family Association

AT TOLEDO, OHIO, AUGUST 26, 1923

The Twelfth Annual Reunion and Business Meeting of the Gibbs Family was held at Walbridge Park, Toledo, Ohio, on Sunday, August 26, 1923.

The day was perfect; the sun shone out in all its beauty and grandeur; not a cloud in the skies. The beauty of nature was everywhere present and the meeting of each with the other was most cordial and proved a blessing to one and all.

Some new relatives had been found and were present who united with us in heart and spirit and proved an inspiration to us.

After the meeting and greeting, dinner was served and anybody who knows the Gibbs Family can realize what happened. After dinner a short program was carried out. Our President, Dr. I. B. Gibbs having passed from this life during the year, sympathy was extended to the daughter and husband who were present. Greetings were sent to J. B. Gibbs and family and to Mrs. Fannie Dernberger and R. M. Manning and family.

The election of officers resulted as follows: for *President*, J. B. Gibbs; *Vice-President*, David Dernberger; *Secretary-Treasurer*, W. A. L. Gibbs of Bryan, Ohio.

The next reunion will be held in the same place on the fourth Sunday in August, 1924.

W. A. L. GIBBS, *Secretary*.

The Utah Branch of the Gibbs Family Association

Just as we go to press word reaches us of the serious illness of Mr. George F. Gibbs, President of the Utah Branch of the Gibbs Family Association which precludes any report from that branch or the article which we hoped to have for this number of the Bulletin.

In the absence of any other information, we print the list of officers as given in last year's Bulletin.

President—George F. Gibbs

First Vice-President—Hiram G. Smith

Second Vice-President—Emma Ramsey Morris

Secretary-Treasurer—Susa Young Gates

The Gibbs Family in England

The connection which has been made with the Gibbs family in England is one of the pleasantest features of our work, during the year 1923. No family association exists there, but Lord Aldenham, of the old firm Anthony Gibbs and Sons, is the acknowledged head of the family. His father, the first Lord Aldenham, was a close student of the

family genealogy and history and had a rare collection of portraits, manuscripts, etc. pertaining to the Gibbs family.

We are printing in this Bulletin a letter from Vicary Gibbs, younger brother of Lord Aldenham, also an article by Mr. John Gibbs on the history of the Gibbs name.

This family traces its origin back to John Gybbe of Clyst St. George, County Devon, England. We are publishing in this Bulletin a photo copy of an etching of the family homestead which has been in the possession of the family for 400 years. This branch of the family has produced some famous men, among them Rt. Hon. Sir Vicary Gibbs, Lord Chief Justice and Privy Councillor, 1751-1820, Anthony Gibbs, founder of the firm of Anthony Gibbs and Sons, Importers, which has been in existence 116 years. A grandson of this Anthony Gibbs, Henry Hucks Gibbs, was raised to the peerage in 1896 as Lord Aldenham. Another brother is Vicary Gibbs from whose letter we publish extracts, and a son, Herbert Cokayne Gibbs, was raised to the peerage in 1923.

We have received from Lord Aldenham two copies of the genealogy of his family, one of which will be put in the library of the Genealogical Society of Boston for preservation and the other kept among the records of our Association. We are indebted to him also for the invitation to inspect the collection of Gibbs records, etc. at Aldenham House.

A LETTER FROM VICARY GIBBS

12 Upper Belgrave Street, London, England

Dear Sir:—

I am much obliged for your letter of 20 March last and the interesting *Gibbs Family Bulletin* which you were good enough to send me.

In answer to your question, there is no association corresponding to that in America devoted to the Gibbises (nor indeed so far as I know to any other family) in England.

My father was, however, a very keen family genealogist, and when young, devoted much time to searching registers and collecting information not only about our branch but the Gibbises of Honington, Warwick, the Barbadoes, the Kentish people, etc. The Honington Gibbises descend from the old Devonshire family of Fenton or Venton in that county, but although there is strong presumption that my family came also from that stock, we have never been able to establish the descent.

The furthest back to which my father could trace our family with certainty was to John Gybbe of Clyst St. George, County Devon, who bought a small estate there 1 May, 1560, but the family had previously rented this farm called "Pytte" for which a John Gybbe was assessed in 1524. This estate is still possessed by a cousin of mine and some member of my family has lived there more or less for the last 400 years.

My father printed, for private circulation, a pedigree of our family which is very carefully worked up, and I think it is safe to say that to find a common ancestor for members of my immediate family and any others of the name one would have to go back at least to 1550 or even to 1500.

If my elder brother, Lord Aldenham, has a spare copy of the family

pedigree, I am sure he would be glad to give it to you, and I will ask him, and if I can get hold of one, will send it to you.

Between thirty and forty years ago my father had some correspondence with Josiah Willard Gibbs of Philadelphia who was much interested in his pedigree, and he visited us at Aldenham. He presented my father with a book which he had written on his family in America, which is now on the Aldenham bookshelves. Of course, if you or any one on your behalf, come over to England, I could arrange for you to examine my father's manuscript books about the family. They are now in possession of my brother, Lord Aldenham.

Personally I have not devoted much time to family research as I am engaged in a Historic Peerage, a monumental work which I shall never live to see finished but of which five full volumes are already published.

A cousin of mine, John A. Gibbs, has within the last few days published a history of my firm, Anthony Gibbs and Sons. This contains a great deal of interesting family matter and portraits of Anthony, the founder of my firm, and his pretty wife. Before posting this letter I will send it to this cousin so that he may enclose you a prospectus or at any rate give you such information as will enable you to order a copy or copies should you wish to do so.

Assuring you of my willingness to give you any assistance in my power, I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

VICARY GIBBS.

P. S.—I spent a couple of very pleasant months in your state in the spring of 1914 and stayed in many charming country houses presided over by kind hosts: my sponsor was Professor Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, Jamaica Plain, who may be known to you. Like him I am a lover of trees.

V. G.

To Dr. Howard A. Gibbs, Boston, Mass.

[Taken from *Anthony and Dorothea Gibbs* by JOHN A. GIBBS]

ORIGIN OF THE NAME GIBBS

By JOHN A. GIBBS

The surname of our family became fixed as Gibbs in the first half of the 17th century. Before that time it had been Gib, Gibbe, Gibbes, or Gibbs, variously spelt with *i* or *y*, single or double *b*, followed in the third form by *e*, *i*, or *y* before the *s*. (For a list of sixteen spellings in Devon documents, and five more from other counties, see *Gibbs Ped.* p. xviii.)

The name comes from Gib, the familiar contraction or pet form of the christian name Gilbert.

The present day English or Scottish surnames derived from Gilbert are numerous. The following list is probably not complete:

Gilbert, Gilbert, Gilbert, Gilberts, Gilbertson, Gil, Gibbey, Gilpin, Gip, Gipp, Gipps, Gib, Gibbs, Gibbes, Gibson, Gibbin, Gibbon, Gibbins, Gibbings.

The *s* of Gibbs or Gibbes may be taken as representing the possessive

case (the son of a Gib would be spoken of as Gib's—cf. Jones=John's son). This being so, Gibbs, Gibson, Gilbertson, and some other names are etymologically entirely identical.

Gilbert is the French shape of an old Teutonic name which in one form or another is found pretty well all over Europe. In Anglo-Saxon it was *Gislbeorht*, the derivation of the old name being represented in that language by *Gisel*, a pledge, or hostage, and *Beorbt*, bright. In Domesday the name is *Giselbertus*.

The form *Gilbert*, the origin of all the surnames mentioned above, was introduced into England by the Normans, and became exceedingly popular. The lives of 6 distinguished Englishmen of the 12th century bearing that name appear in the *Dict. of National Biography*. There were at least 4 Saint Gilberts (11th to the 13th century). St. Gilbert of Fontenelle was a great friend of the Conqueror's; St. Gilbert of Sempringham was his cousin. The name grew in general popularity in England from the fame of the great men who had been called by it. Witness to the commonness of the name is the use of its pet form *Gib* as a sobriquet of the cat. A *gib* and a cat were synonymous; both, with the same meaning, were opprobrious terms for an old woman (later a *gibcat* was a male cat); cf. *tomcat*, *tibcat* (*Tib* a woman's name), *billygoat*, *nannygoat*. &c. (see the *Oxford Eng. Dict.* s.v. *Gib*). It is significant therefore that certain families of our name bore cats on their shields. J. Edmondson's *Complete Body of Heraldry* (1780) records in vol. i. as the arms of a certain Gibbes "Or, on a chev. sa. two cats respecting [i.e. facing] one another," &c.; and in vol. ii. the arms of a certain Gibbs "Ar. on a chev. betw. three filberds sa. two cats combatant of the field."

An instance of *Gibbe* (for *Gilbert*) as a common personal name occurs in the following lines from Gower's *Vox Clamantis* (Book i. cap. xi.), written about 1382, on Wat Tyler's rebellion:

"Watte vocat, cui Thomme venit, neque Symme retardat,
Betteque, Gibbe simul, Hykke venire jubent."

See also translation in verse in Fuller's *Church History* (1655), Book iv. p. 139.

The earliest record mentioned in *Gibbs Ped.* (preface 1890) of our surname in Devon is in the reign of Edward III. (1327-77) under the form *Gybbe* (but it has since been traced in that county back to 1316): the earliest of a member of the Gibbs family of Fenton (from which we are probably derived) is in Richard II.'s reign (1377-99): the earliest of the name at Clyst St. George is in 1525—Henry VIII.'s reign.

Professor Ernest Weekley, of University College, Nottingham, has very kindly given me some hints for this note. He characterizes as "moonshine" all derivations for Gibbs other than from *Gilbert*, e.g. such as are found or quoted in H. Barber's *British Family Names* (1903), or R. Ferguson's *English Surnames* (1858) and his *Teutonic Name System* (1864). The correct derivation is given in Weekley's *Romance of Names* (1914), C. W. Bradsley's *English Surnames* (1898, 6th ed.) and his *Dict. of English and Welsh Surnames* (1901). The *Century Dictionary*, and in many other books on names, e.g. Baring-Gould's, Long's, and Lower's. For the derivation of *Gilbert* see Weekley's *Surnames*, 1916, Charlotte Yonge's *Christian Names*, 1863, and other works.

Family News Items

The Association has recently prepared charters for the branch organizations. These are seventeen by twenty-two (17x22) inches in size. They are printed in colors with the Gibbs coat of arms, on heavy paper suitable for framing. They are issued to branches on application at a charge of \$25 each. Two of the branches have already applied for and received them. The Association has also prepared an individual certificate of membership which will be sent on receipt of membership dues with application for membership. These certificates have already been sent to those who have paid dues for 1922 or 1923. If you are entitled to one and have not received it, please notify the Secretary.

* * *

Please bear in mind that the membership dues in the National Association are one dollar for each member per year. This is not covered by the charter fee. Members of branches holding charters can pay their dues in the National Association directly to the Treasurer, Mrs. Allen, or if they prefer, can pay them in a lump sum through their own branch Treasurer. Each member is entitled to the *Bulletin* free. If for any reason it is not received, notify the Secretary so that we can keep our mailing list up-to-date.

* * *

The Southern Branch has "started something" this year which is well worthy of emulation. It has offered a first prize of twenty dollars and a second prize of a coat of arms for the two best articles by members of the branch on the subject "The Gibbs Family in the Carolinas." The judges are to be members of the Mars Hill College Faculty. Right now we are going to put in a claim for those articles for our next year's Bulletin.

* * *

(The Giles Gibbs branch of our family seems to take to the military life. Major Caleb Gibbs, of revolutionary fame was commander of Washington's personal body guard during most of the revolutionary war. From this same branch also no less than twenty of the sons and grandsons of Benjamin Gibbs served in the same war, all from the town of Litchfield, Conn., a record without equal by any family or town in the country. At the present time Col. George S. Gibbs of this same branch, with an enviable record in the world war, is engaged in the task of laying the Alaska cable for the government. Out in Los Angeles also Mr. Robert A. Gibbs is head of the Page Military Academy for boys. He is one of our most active workers and generous supporters. He has recently sent out a list of missing links in his family genealogy and will appreciate any assistance in locating them.

* * *

One of the heartening things which has come to us out of the southland recently is a letter from Dr. Edward T. Gibbs of Gainesville, Georgia, in which he says: "I have been very much interested in the Gibbs Family Bulletin, reading every line and prizing it too highly to pass it along. I must confess, however, that it took the Bulletin to

awaken me, for I have never been the least bit interested in tracing my family tree. I was reared in Social Circle, Walton County, Georgia and can recall vividly the Gibbs Family reunions that were occasionally held, where hundreds of people were in attendance."

* * *

The descendants of Thomas Gibbs of Sandwich, Mass., known as the Cape Gibbsses, though one of the most numerous of our branches has never been organized. At the recent meeting in Boston steps were taken to remedy this. A committee was appointed to get the Cape Gibbsses together and form a branch of the Family Association. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gibbs of Sagamore, Mass. (Box 447) are on this committee. If you belong to this branch, write to them at once.

* * *

One of the characters for whom the Gibbs Family has borne undeserved odium for many years is "Gibbs the Pirate," as he is known, who was executed in New York nearly a hundred years ago. It is but fair to say that whatever odium may be connected with his name the Gibbs Family can justly disclaim it, for his real name was not Gibbs at all but Jeffry. He certainly showed good judgment in choosing so honorable a name as Gibbs to cover up his misdeeds. It should be borne in mind also that he flourished in the days when piracy was a gentleman's sport and one of our kinsmen, a college professor, remarked a few months ago that he was glad to know that one Gibbs had some sporting blood in him.

* * *

The Boston Globe recently carried a portrait and sketch of Franklin A. Mann, a member of the Blandford Branch, a hale and hearty sportsman with both rod and gun now in his eighty-sixth year. While on a visit to Blandford last summer the writer found Mr. Mann mowing brush beside the road and doing his bit with an ease and skill which many men at half his age might envy.

* * *

The Old Sudbury Inn immortalized by the poet Longfellow in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn* is much in the limelight just now owing to its purchase by Henry Ford, who is restoring it with all its old-time colonial features and proposes to utilize it also in demonstrating the old as well as the newest features of American agricultural life. The descendants of Matthew Gibbs of Sudbury, which includes all of the Blandford Branch, have a peculiar interest in this transformation. Mistress Howe, the wife of Landlord Howe, mentioned by Longfellow, was a Gibbs, one of the descendants of Matthew Gibbs, and consequently her descendants owned and occupied the Wayside Inn for many years. More than any other place perhaps, it could be considered the ancestral home of the family. It is gratifying to know that its old-time features and setting are to be thus preserved and at the same time made a useful object lesson.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gibbs of Sagamore, Mass., who have undertaken to organize the descendants of Thomas Gibbs of Sandwich, Mass.,

SOME YOUNG SPRIGS ON THE FAMILY TREE



ROLAND EDWARD GIBBS



EDITH JEAN PARKER



PHILIP ADDISON GIBBS

known as the Cape Gibbises, have been doing some hustling on the proposition and have already secured a list of forty names as applicants for membership. It is planned to hold a reunion and meeting for organization at Sagamore, Mass., sometime in May or June. The descendants of Thomas Gibbs are widely scattered not only in southeastern Massachusetts but in almost every state of the Union. We urge them to get in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs of Sagamore and each do his bit in bringing together this old and influential branch of our family. Send in your name and you will receive all notices of meetings and other activities.

BLANDFORD BRANCH REUNION FOR 1924

Plans for the reunion of the Blandford Branch for 1924, are already taking shape and are sufficiently advanced to warrant a preliminary announcement. It has been thought best to make the reunion this year more of an outdoor field day and picnic than heretofore with more opportunity for social intercourse.

The reunion will be held at the George Gibbs place, on North Stret, Blandford. This is about one mile beyond the Church at the end of the State Road. There is a large space available here. It is one of the most sightly places in Blandford, and has been for many years in the possession of the family. It is close by the site of the original Israel Gibbs home and the old Blandford Fort, and thus the center of much historic interest connected with the family.

Special efforts will be made to get the elderly members of the family to the reunion and to make it comfortable for them. Sports and games will be arranged for the children.

A full announcement will be sent later. Meanwhile, keep the date in mind, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1924.

The President's Address

By DR. HOWARD A. GIBBS

Blandford, Mass., August 26, 1923

The Gibbs Family has always claimed Blandford as its ancestral home and surely the people of Blandford have contributed much to make us feel at home here. I wish I could express to you all that there is in my heart to say in the way of appreciation for the many acts of courtesy and kindness you have extended to us while we have been holding our reunions here. Not the least of them by any means is the throwing open of this church for our services today and the generous words of welcome from your pastor. There are times, friends, when we are compelled to realize how cold, how crude and how clumsy are mere words to express the deepest emotions of the human soul; and as I stand here this morning so many are the memories and so strong are the emotions which come crowding in upon me that I hardly dare trust myself to speak at all. I do not know that I can possibly express to you or make you understand all that Blandford means to this family, what a hold it has upon me.

There may be other hills just as beautiful as these of Blandford, but these are *my* hills. I have known them in all their changing moods. I have known them on those rare occasions when their bases were obscured by the morning mists of the valley and their peaks rose like emerald isles above a sea of silver: I have known them when the golden glow of sunset spread its mantle of glory upon them: I have known them too at even-tide—

“When shadows are their garments and they pull

Their robes about them with gestures beautiful.”

I have known them when the fleeting cloud shadows of summer-time played hide and seek among them and I have known them when the storm battalions of winter swept in serried ranks across them. I have summered them and wintered them. I have eaten with them and slept with them. They have become an integral part of my life. They are *my* hills.

And up here among these hills in the churchyard yonder are the graves of my fathers and my fathers' fathers for five generations. They have lain there so long that the great pine trees have grown up among them. And, out North street is the old family roof tree still standing which has sheltered the heads of my father, my grandfather, my great grandfather, and my great, great grandfather. In the North village too are the scenes of my early boyhood days, scenes which are pleasantly and indelibly impressed upon my memory. I have wandered far afield in the sixty-odd years of my life but through all these years of boyhood, of youth and of manhood Blandford has been a mother to me. In the days of sunshine and prosperity she has smiled upon me, and in those other days which come into the lives of us all, in those days when the storm-clouds gather, when the skies are overcast, when the very foundations of life are quaking beneath our feet, when we search the innermost recesses of our souls and wonder whether life is worth living, at such times as these I have come up among these hills to this mother town of Blandford, I have thrown myself in her lap like a weary, weary child, I have looked up into the silent, the steadfast, the patient faces of these eternal hills and gathered here the comfort, the courage and the strength to carry on with my work. I have learned here in Blandford one of Life's greatest and richest lessons: I have learned what the psalmist meant when he said: “I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my help.” I have learned that “On the heights there lies repose;” I have found peace among these hills.—My God, what peace! out of the seething, restless turmoil of city life.

And bye and bye, when life's last lesson has been learned, when the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, I shall come back home again to this mother town of Blandford. She will gather me in her arms and I shall rest on her bosom with my fathers. Blandford has been a mother to me, and I love Blandford as a child loves its mother.

“I am what these mountains made me,

Of their green and gold and gray.

Of their dawnlight, of their moonlight and their foam

Mighty Mothers far away,

Ye who bathed my soul with spray,
I am coming, Mother Mountains, coming home.

"When I draw my dreams around me,
When I leave the darkling plain
Where my soul forgets to soar and learns to plod,
I shall come back home again
To the kingdoms of the rain,
To the blue purlieus of heaven, nearer God."

I count it doubly fortunate that this family Association has not only the ties of a common kinship, but also the ties of a common love and affection for this town of Blandford to draw us together and to hold us together. It is not a mere accident, nor yet a mere matter of convenience that we are holding our reunions here. To us, coming back to Blandford is coming back home; it is coming back to the old family roof-tree; it is coming back to our native heath; it is coming back to the common mother of us all, and surely there is no place more fitting for such a gathering as this where we can clasp hands with our old friends and neighbors, where we can join our voices in prayer and praise with you; no place more fitting than under the roof of this old church which was founded by your fathers and our fathers, which was builded by their sacrifices and is hallowed by their memories.

Between this family and the people of this town there exist also the strong bonds of a common racial origin. The history of this family and the history of this town are inseparably connected with the history of this church and they all have their source in that tide of Scotch-Irish immigration which set towards these shores in the early years of the Eighteenth Century.

Families and races, like individuals, have their characteristics, physical, mental and moral. Each contributes a share to the sum total of human society and each plays a peculiar part in the great drama of national life. Our country has been described as the melting-pot of the nations. Into it has been thrust people of every color, race and creed, and out of it must come, if this republic of ours is to endure, a people fused by a common struggle, inspired by a common purpose and conscious of a common destiny.

No study of our national life can be complete without a knowledge of the families and races which make up its component parts, and no analysis of individual character can be complete without a knowledge of the family and racial traits which form its background. Herein lies the task of the true genealogist and the real mission of a family association. We are not here for the mere purpose of sociability, not here for the purpose of self-glorification or even of self-advancement, but rather to understand ourselves, and understanding ourselves to fit ourselves to serve our day and generation even as our forefathers served theirs, and thus enable our children and our children's children to look back upon us even as we look back upon our ancestors as men and women of clear vision and heroic mold.

Tolstoy has said: "It is the vocation of every man and woman to

serve other people." This is as true of families as of individuals. We are to give and give again and when we have reached the limit of service, when we are willing to forget ourselves and to lose ourselves in the giving, behold, we find our own lives in all their fulness and beauty and joy. This is what the Master meant when he said, "He that will lose his life shall find it." This Family Association in its ideals and purposes has never sounded a lower note than this and I certainly cannot do so on this occasion. It is in this spirit that I approach my task this morning and would throw upon the screen of your minds a word picture of those characteristics which molded and shaped the lives of the Scotch-Irish pioneers of Blandford.

It is almost a misnomer to call these people Irish at all. As a matter of fact they were made up of Scotch and English settlers with a scattering of French Huguenots who took up their abode in northern Ireland in the latter half of the Seventeenth Century. They were Protestants and Presbyterians of the strict and strenuous type. They were dissenters both from the Catholic Church and from the established Church of England. In the struggles for the English throne between these two factions, they were caught between the upper and the nether millstone. "A plague upon both your houses" was their attitude toward both of them. It made no difference whether a Protestant or a Catholic was upon the throne, they were "agin the government" and the government was against them. Economic conditions in Ireland were also a potent factor in making them dissatisfied there. They were largely weavers of cloth, and when England by deliberate and designed legislation destroyed the textile industry of Ireland she destroyed their means of making a livelihood. This was the condition they found themselves in in the opening years of the Eighteenth Century. At this juncture some of the leaders of New England, Cotton Mather among them, conceived the idea of encouraging their immigration to this country, for the express purpose of having them settle on our frontiers where they could serve as a protecting outpost to the older English settlements. They began coming in the early years of the Eighteenth Century. The tide of this Scotch-Irish immigration was at its height from 1720 to 1725. In one week alone six ship loads landed in Boston harbor. Prof. Hart estimates that 120,000 arrived in a period of twenty years. They landed in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and as far south as the Carolinas.

At this time the tide of English immigration to this country seemed to have spent itself. It had pushed westward to the foot hills of the Appalachians but seemed to lack impetus to go further. The sturdy Scotch-Irish pushed to the frontiers, went "over the top" of the Alleghanies and opened up the plains and valleys of the middle west. In New England they formed many permanent settlements, most of them outposts of civilization. In Maine they formed a large settlement about the mouth of the Kennebeck; in New Hampshire they colonized at Antrim, Windham, Londonderry and Peterboro; in Massachusetts they settled at Boston, at Hopkinton, at Worcester, at Leicester, Palmer, Ware, Rutland, Pelham, Colerain and Blandford. They were sturdy, thrifty and industrious. Every family had two indispensable

articles of furniture, a cradle and a spinning wheel, and many a Scotch-Irish bairnie was lulled to sleep to the tunes of the old Scotch coven-anters and the whirr of the spinning-wheel.

The part which these people played in the great drama of our national life has received but scant and tardy recognition. We are proud of our Declaration of Independence which every school boy will tell you was proclaimed on July 4, 1776. As a historic fact this was not the original declaration of independence at all. The original was read more than a year before from the Court house steps at Charlotte, North Carolina. It is known as the Mecklenberg Declaration. It was written by a group of sturdy Scotch-Irish; it was read by Col. Thomas Polk, a Scotch-Irishman. It contained this resolution: "Whoever directly or indirectly abetted or in any way, form or manner countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and inalienable rights of man." They certainly did not lack either in clearness of sentiment or vigor of expression. As the reading continued and Col. Polk's voice declared for a dissolution of the political bonds with the mother country, "that nation which has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington", there was a breathless silence followed by loud and long cheers. The Scotch-Irish of Donnegal were doing their part in America and the American Revolution was on its way.

It has been estimated that forty percent of the Continental Army was of this element, and they certainly contributed more than this percentage of the radical, irreconcilable, fighting spirit of the revolution. Many of the older English settlers had become the wealthy, landed aristocracy of the new world and naturally furnished the conservative and tory element of that struggle. Not so these Scotch-Irish. The memory of the injustice which they had suffered in Ireland was fresh in their minds and they would have fought twice seven years had it been necessary to secure independence. They were in the thick of the fight from start to finish. They shed their blood at Bunker Hill; they shivered over the camp fires of Valley Forge; their indomitable spirit drove Cornwallis out of the Carolinas.

When the war was over and they came back home in their tattered uniforms, their pockets bulging with Continental money which had even less value than the German mark, they found that the stay-at-home aristocrats and profiteers, who come to the surface in every war, had improved the opportunity of their absence to seize their mortgaged farms, impoverishing their families and in thousands of cases the old soldiers themselves were incarcerated in jail for debt. Against this injustice they rebelled and Captain Daniel Shay, a Scotch-Irish blacksmith of Pelham, became the leader of this rebellion. No event in American history has been more misunderstood or misrepresented than Shay's Rebellion. In its essence it was as much a struggle for liberty as the Revolution itself. If you think this statement is overdrawn I ask you to get Edward Bellamy's book *The Duke of Stockbridge* and read it through. It is a historical novel and historically accurate. The scene is laid in Stockbridge in Berkshire County. The places and

family names are known to many of you. I am sure that after reading it you will have an altogether different viewpoint in regard to Shay's Rebellion. The town of Westfield has recently erected a monument to Gen. Shepard to whom is given the credit of suppressing this rebellion. I hope the time is not far distant when we, of Scotch-Irish lineage, will erect a monument to Daniel Shay himself for the part he played in preserving the rights and liberties of the common people through this rebellion.

This Scotch-Irish race has given to America some of its best known names—Gen. Stark, Gen. Knox, Gen. McClellan, Matthew Thornton, Horace Greeley, Asa Gray, John Lothrop Motley, Pres. Jackson, Pres. McKinley, Gov. Rutledge and scores of others. It may be said in general terms that in the esthetics of life, in art, music and literature they are excelled by the German and French races, but in those more sturdy qualities essential to the pioneer life of a new country, in education, in government, in law, in invention and exploration they are pre-eminent. Dr. MacIntosh thus sums up their mission and their work in America:

"The plantation of the Scot into Ulster kept for the world the essential and the best features of the lowlanders. But the vast change gave birth to and trained a somewhat new and distinct man soon to be needed in a great task which only the Ulsterman could accomplish, and that task was, with the Puritans to work out the revolution that gave humanity this republic."

Such is the race from which we have sprung. This is the blood that is flowing through our veins today and if some of us still exhibit that old, radical, revolutionary, dissenting and fighting Scotch-Irish spirit it is only because it is in our blood and we are running true to form. For myself I have no apologies to make. I am proud of it.

In religious matters they were dissenters in the new world as in the old. Their staunch Presbyterianism brought them into conflict with the more liberal Congregational Church and in some places they were received in anything but a Christian spirit. In Worcester their church edifice was demolished by a mob which was said to have been inspired by some of the eminently respectable church members of opposing beliefs. In Hopkinton this dissension split the Church in twain and as a last resort the dissenting Scotch-Irish element was expelled from the Church. The record of expulsion contains the names of many of the oldest and best families of Blandford. They thereupon formed a Presbyterian Church of their own which a few years later was transferred bodily to Blandford with the little group of first settlers. This group comprises most of the family names familiar to early Blandford history: the Andersons, the Boises, the Blacks, the Blairs, the Bruces, the Browns, the Bairds, the Cockrans, the Cannons, the McClenahans, the Fergusons, the Houstons, the Hamiltons, the Knoxes, the Lucases, the Moors, the Mortons, the Sinnets, the Taggarts, the Peebles, the Watsons, and the Wilsons were all of this sturdy Scotch-Irish stock.

The Boises were originally of French Huguenot extraction, while, so far as I have been able to discover, Israel Gibbs, our progenitor, was the only representative of older English ancestry among them. He was

the third generation of his family in America which had been here a hundred years before the settlement of Blandford. At Hopkinton, however, he had met and married one of these despised Scotch-Irish girls, Mary Hamilton. The estrangement from his family on account of this marriage was a potent factor in inducing him to emigrate to Blandford. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church with his wife and was one of its first deacons when it was brought to Blandford. Here his sons and daughters intermarried with the Scotch-Irish for several generations, so that while the Gibbs family in its origin is essentially English the Blandford branch became largely Scotch-Irish.

If we may believe the record as given by Rev. Mr. Keep in a sermon preached in this church a hundred years ago the early history of this town and of this church was not free by any means of the dissenting, pugnacious and irreconcilable spirit of this people. We can afford to smile today at their theological hair-splitting, at their stern sense of duty which impelled them at times to stand up so straight that they leaned over backward, and yet we can't help thanking God that such men and women have lived; that their blood is flowing on through our veins; that they have handed down to us such an heritage not only of physical strength but also of mental vigor and moral virility, and no higher duty devolves upon us today than to preserve that heritage and hand it on to our children in all its pristine purity.

This does not mean that we are to go back to the good old days of our grandfathers. We could not, if we would, and we would not if we could. The wheels of human progress turn forward. They may falter at times, they may halt at times, but they never turn backward. You might as well expect the old hen to go back to the egg from which she was hatched; you might as well expect the mighty oak to go back to the tiny acorn from which it grew; you might as well expect this earth of ours to go back to primeval chaos as to expect that the tide of twentieth century progress can be turned back into the channels of the eighteenth century.

Loyalty to the memory of our forefathers does not consist in "hoeing the weeds on grandfather's grave." Progress does not consist in musing with our faces toward the past, but rather with our faces toward the future, greeting every new revelation of truth with open arms and joyous smile. Our ability to do this is the measure not only of our loyalty and fidelity to the memory of our ancestors, but it is the measure also of our own greatness both of mind and soul. It is the supreme test of our intelligence; the proof of our moral growth and the demonstration of our spiritual virility.

Evolution is the law of life. There is nothing changeless except change itself. It is the fundamental law in the natural world about us. We speak sometimes of the "everlasting hills," and as we look out upon the rock-ribbed mountains of New England we say surely here is something which is unchanged and unchangeable, but we speak thus and we think thus only because our range of vision is so limited. Geology teaches us that these very mountains have been made and remade over and over again; geology teaches us too that these very mountains before our very eyes are crumbling into dust; they are

dissolving into their original elements while deep down in the bed of the ocean new geological strata are being laid down which shall form the mountain peaks for the ages to come. Change, progress, evolution, that is the universal law in the natural world about us. And just as in the geological world one age succeeds another, each succeeding age being but the logical outgrowth of the preceding age, and the old earth all the while evolving from chaos to paradise; just so in the industrial world, in the political world, in the educational world and even in the religious world, one system succeeds another, each succeeding system being but the logical product and outgrowth of the preceding system and society all the while evolving to higher and nobler planes of existence.

Truth itself is fundamental and eternal, but its interpretation and adaptation is constantly changing to meet the needs of the hour. James Russell Lowell has beautifully expressed this thought:

"Truth is eternal but her effluence
With endless change is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully as wave with wave."

They tell us that we must preserve the best things of the past. True. But the best thing of the Eighteenth Century was the fact that it was better than the Seventeenth Century. The best thing of any century is the spirit of life, of growth, of progress which animates it. The best thing of the American life of the past, the one thing which characterizes it as truly American is the spirit of protest, the spirit of revolt against every form of oppression so well exemplified by our Scotch-Irish forebears.

In these days of sleek and smug and satisfied "law and order" we need to remember that this nation of ours was conceived in protest, it was born in revolt and nurtured in revolution. The best thing in American history is the passion for freedom and democracy which is blazoned upon every page. Take this out of American history and there is nothing left worth preserving. The best thing in this Twentieth Century is the insistent demand for a new interpretation, a larger application of this same spirit of freedom and democracy. It would seem that every true American would meet this demand with open arms and joyous smile, but, instead, we meet it with clenched teeth and malignant frown. We padlock its lips, we stone its martyrs, we crucify its prophets all in the sacred name of "Americanism." Was there ever a grosser perversion of a great principle? Is it any wonder that one of our foremost educators, a college president, recently said, "America is trying to be a democracy but America doesn't know how to be a democracy, America cannot think in democratic terms." He lost his position for saying this which is the strongest proof that the saying was true.

I repeat. The best thing about this Twentieth Century, the one thing which stamps it as truly American, the thing which should inspire us and arouse in us that old revolutionary spirit of our Scotch-Irish ancestors is the insistent and growing demand for a larger application of the principle of democracy to the problems of today. In industry, in art, in education, and even in religion its influence is felt. The whole earth is vibrant with its upward impulse. A noted preacher recently declared in Boston that the young people of the entire world are passing through a period of revolt. "They are profoundly dissatisfied with the present order of things. They are disillusioned as to the outcome of the World War. They are demanding a better world in which to live. It is consistent with our religion to wish for a better order of things. We have a right to look for a new heaven and a new earth. The world will be a wonderful place to live in when we devote as much effort to getting heaven into people as we do to getting people into heaven." And he was cheered to the echo by a convention of 3000 young Baptists in Tremont Temple.

In China the young generation is breaking the shackles of the past and through the pangs of a new birth China is awaking to a newness of life. In Japan the same movement is under way and its leader, who lives and works with the common people, is a young Japanese, still in his early thirties and a graduate of our own Princeton University. In India, Ghandi, one of the earth's great souls, is demonstrating that "stone walls cannot a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." His body confined in prison by the British Government, his soul goes marching on and is today leading India out into a more abundant life. In Germany young men and women are marching and singing in processions of thousands with the blue bird for their banner and "No more war" for their slogan. In Boston a few weeks ago I witnessed a scene which stirred my blood. I saw 2000 young telephone girls, marching, smiling and singing as they marched, but with the unalterable determination underneath it all that they would be masters of their own destiny and that this world must be a better place to live in.

Thank God for this youthful spirit of protest and revolt! Thank God for this divine discontent which is stirring the heart and soul of the young! It is the brightest omen of this Twentieth Century. We need this spirit here in America today. Too long we have sat back in sleek and smug complacency, boasting of a revolution which took place a hundred and fifty years ago. Too long we have laid the flattering unction to our souls that we were leading the world in liberty and democracy while the procession of world progress has been marching past our doors.

We have boasted, for these many years, that our fathers established here in America institutions of civil and religious liberty but we are learning today that there can be no such thing as civil liberty, there can be no such thing as intellectual or even religious liberty side by side with industrial slavery. "He who owns my means of existence owns me," said Alexander Hamilton many years ago, and either we must go forward and establish here in America a nation of free men,

industrially free, or else this government of the people, for the people and by the people must perish off the earth.

One hundred and fifty years ago, here in America our fathers were brought face to face with an undemocratic doctrine, an un-American principle, that a few men had been born with brains so big, a few men had been born so wise and so good, that they had been divinely ordained by God Almighty to rule other men. Our fathers met that challenge face to face on the field of battle. They met it at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga and Yorktown, and they wrote down a great democratic doctrine, a great American principle upon the pages of American history; they wrote it large in letters of fire and letters of blood, that here in America no man is wise enough and no man is good enough to rule other men; here in America we, the people, will rule ourselves. That was democracy interpreted in terms of the Eighteenth Century; that was Americanism, or I have utterly failed to comprehend the genius and spirit of American institutions.

Seventy years ago here in America our fathers were brought face to face with another un-American institution, another undemocratic doctrine that a few men had been born with brains so big, a few men had been born with skins so white, a few men had been born so wise and so good that they had been divinely ordained by God Almighty to own other men. Our fathers met that challenge face to face upon the field of battle; they met it at Bull Run and Antietam and Gettysburg, on a thousand battlefields throughout the sunny southland and they wrote down another great American principle, another great democratic doctrine upon the pages of American history. They wrote it large in letters of fire and of blood that here in America no man is wise enough, no man is good enough, no man is white enough to own another man. That was freedom interpreted in terms of the Nineteenth Century. That was Americanism, or I have utterly failed to comprehend the genius and spirit of American institutions.

. Today we are brought face to face here in America with another un-American institution, another great undemocratic doctrine, that a few men have been born with brains so big, a few men have been born so wise and so good that they have been divinely ordained by God Almighty to own the earth and the fullness thereof; divinely ordained by God Almighty to own other men's means of existence; divinely ordained by God Almighty to be masters of other men's bread; divinely ordained by God Almighty to own other men's jobs. This Twentieth Century doctrine of the divine stewardship of wealth, which is proclaimed by pulpit and press alike is nothing but the old monarchical doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule; nothing but the old slaveholding doctrine that chattel slavery was a divine institution revamped and revised and refitted to modern industrial life. It is un-American; it is undemocratic; it has no place on American soil, and we, their sons, unless we are recreant to every tradition of our sires, must meet it face to face. We must write down another great American principle, another great democratic doctrine upon the pages of American history. God grant that they will allow us to write it peacefully, but whether by ballots or by bullets, write it we must and write it we will, that

here in America no man is wise enough, no man is good enough to own another man's means of existence; no man is wise enough and no man is good enough to be master of another man's bread, no man is wise enough and no man is good enough to own another man's job. Here in America we, the people, will own our own means of existence; here in America, we, the people, will be masters of our own bread; here in America, we, the people, will own our own jobs. That is democracy interpreted in terms of this Twentieth Century. That is Americanism. Aye it is two hundred per cent Americanism, or I have utterly failed to comprehend the genius and spirit of American institutions.

In short, to preserve intact all the wonderful machinery of modern industry which makes human strife and human warfare unnecessary, and at the same time restore back to humanity that normal condition of economic equality, of economic freedom, of economic justice upon which our fathers founded this republic of ours, and through which alone can come peace upon earth and good will among men, this is the task which confronts us; this is the great unfinished work of our fathers which is laid upon our shoulders; this is what Victor Hugo meant when he said the Twentieth Century is to be the century of humanity.

We stand today on the threshold of a new century. All the centuries of the past are pouring their golden gifts of art, of invention, of philosophy, of literature, of law, into the lap of the present. In spite of the fact that we have just passed through a world cataclysm which might lead us to think that our boasted civilization and even our boasted Christianity is nothing but the thinnest kind of veneer over the most brutal savagery; in spite of all this I still have an abiding faith in humanity; I have an abiding faith in social progress; I have an abiding faith that tho "clouds and darkness are about His throne" God still reigns in the heavens and this old Earth still sweeps sunward. It is a splendid time to be alive. I envy you young people who stand on the threshold of this wonderful century with eager vision and impatient feet. I can offer you no better advice than that given by the sweet Quaker poet of Amesbury many years ago when he said: "Young men in your youth join yourself to some righteous cause." Young men and young women in your youth join yourselves to some righteous but unpopular cause. Do it for your own sakes. You may lose in dollars and cents, but you will gain an abundant reward as you go along in the quickened sympathies, in the broadened outlook, in the strength and uplift which it will give to your own characters and you will reap a double reward in the years to come in the profound satisfaction of a life work well done, humanity lifted a little higher, our country made purer, freer, stronger by your lives.

One of my classmates who has been a leader in some of the great reform movements of today was talking some time ago with his grandfather, who had been a leader in the anti-slavery movement years ago. As he talked and glowed with his theme the old man listened intently and finally, placing his hand on his shoulder, said to him: "Alfred, my boy, I'm glad to hear you talk that way. That's just the way I talked fifty years ago about slavery. You are right and go ahead, but

don't expect us old men to lead. Our battle is fought. This fight belongs to you."

Young men and young women, this wonderful Twentieth Century with all its opportunities for a more abundant life belongs to you. Take it! Mold it! Shape it! Make it what Victor Hugo prophesied, the Century of Humanity, and in doing this you will also mold and shape your own lives and characters to the highest. Are there heights to be scaled? Then scale them, and let your daily prayer be—God give us hills to climb and strength for climbing. Are there battles to be fought? Then fight them, and whether you win or whether you loose the joy of battle shall be yours, and you will enter at last into the blessed realization of this great truth that in every real conflict of life "The victory lies in the struggle, not the prize."

"Others may sing the song,
Others may right the wrong
Finish what I begin
And all I fail of win.

"But what matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made.

"All hail to the coming singers,
Hail to the brave light-bringers,
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

"The airs of heaven blow o'er me
A glory shines before me
Of all mankind shall be
Pure, generous, brave and free.

"Ring, bells, in un-reared steeples
The joys of unborn people,
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown
Your triumph is my own."

Some Old Church Records Concerning the Gibbs Family

By CHARLES HAYDEN, Blandford

Before giving the items we have regarding the Gibbs Family, it may be well to explain that the records are rather scant, owing, we suppose, to the fact that most of them settled in the North and West part of the town, and so may have been identified with other churches.

Also we wish you to bear in mind that we have to give the facts just as they are, however scant, we cannot now amend them. Somewhat like bible records, they do not give all the names or details. So it may be that some here present may think their ancestors are overlooked. This we cannot now rectify.

But the records, although few, appear to be much to the credit of the family. Those early days were days of rigorous church discipline, and members were brought before its tribunal for all sorts of offenses and backslidings. The name of Gibbs, however, does not appear among the offenders, so the scantiness of the records may indicate good behaviour. The prodigal son always gets notoriety, while the elder brother who stays at home, and attends to business, seldom finds his name in print.

As early as 1787 the names of John, Ephraim and Isaac Gibbs are mentioned. In 1801 the church, which was Presbyterian, voted to adopt the Congregational system, and both Ephraim and Isaac Gibbs were chosen as members of the standing committee. These two men seem to have held important offices in the church for more than twenty years. The name of Israel Gibbs does not appear much on the regular church records, but on the old plan of the seating of the meeting house drawn in 1796, the names of Israel, Ephraim, Isaac, Silas Levi, Samuel, Nathan, Elijah, Abner and Martin Gibbs are mentioned. There are over 250 adult names on this plan and the committee were instructed to seat them "according to age and property," taking the precaution to seat the young men and maidens in different localities, as far apart as possible.

It will be noticed that these names are nearly all masculine: They read like this—John Gibbs and wife. Once in a while an unmarried woman is given a first name, but usually it appears as not worthy of mention. Some, however, appear in the record of marriages, as for example we read that "In 1815 Linus Gibbs and Polly Sackett were married—wedding fee \$1.50" which was the average price, others paid \$1 and another \$2 for the same ceremony.

About 1821 the old meeting house, being in bad shape, an effort was made to unite with the Episcopal Society, to build a new church to accommodate both churches. Silas and Abner Gibbs were chosen for this church and it is mentioned that Nathan and Lyman Gibbs were chosen by the Episcopalians. But after several meetings they seemed to have agreed to disagree. So we see that in those days as in this "oil and water" fail to mix. Let us hope that some spiritual chemist will soon discover a solution that may unite these forces, whose differences are seen through magnifying glasses.

Thus far I have given records of men who lived before my day and generation. I hope now it will not be out of order to mention a member of this church I did know, Mr. Geo. C. Gibbs, who lived on North Street. A gentleman of the old school, always dignified and courteous, one who constantly occupied positions of trust and one whose constant church going habits seem to have been contracted even by his family horse. When arriving at the church door on Sunday this animal needed no guiding hand to direct him to his master's shed, and when the foot-falls on the outside steps announced that the sermon had ended, I have often seen him of his own accord, back out and coming up to the steps, meekly wait for the family to get in and pursue their homeward journey.

Hoping that these few somewhat disconnected transcripts may be

of interest to some of you people, I thank you for your kind attention and bring them to an end.

C. B. HAYDEN, *Clerk*

First Congregational Church,
Blandford, Mass.

Orlando Fish and Marietta Gibbs

By CLARA JOSEPHINE GIBBS LORIMER

It is a great pleasure to be with you this afternoon I assure you, for I love Blandford for its wondrous beauty, its hills with verdure clad, its lovely inland lakes, its clear skies and balmy atmosphere, but most of all I love it for having given to me parents of such sterling worth and lofty aspirations; here they both grew to manhood and



ORLANDO F. GIBBS



MARIETTA GIBBS

womanhood and passed the early years of their married life, acquiring amidst these environments the foundation for the noble characteristics that their later lives developed. My father was a Gibbs, my mother was a Gibbs, consequently I am very proud of the Gibbs Family as I am a Gibbs on both sides. So far as I know, the Gibbs family, while not having given to the world a president or a preacher of renown, has always borne the reputation of being substantial and dependable—and to be known as a member of the Gibbs Family was to be accepted as something worthwhile in the home and business world wherever one might chance to be.

My father, Orlando Fish Gibbs, was born on what used to be known as Waite Hill, a lovely spot overlooking the pond and village of North Blandford; he was the son of Lyman and Clarissa Fish Gibbs and in the early days of the town his father was one of the celebrated men of the vicinity as he was postmaster of the town twenty-one years.

justice of the peace twenty-nine years and in 1831 was a State representative. He was a great student and spent very much of his spare time in reading worthwhile literature and so was considered the best posted man on all questions that came up for discussion to be found anywhere around this vicinity. He had a general store and paper mill in North Blandford, which was then a flourishing manufacturing center, and when my father grew to manhood he stepped into his father's place as manager of these two properties and remained there until a panic struck the country and by the failure of a business house in Boston that handled their paper they were crippled financially and compelled to close out the business altogether.

My mother, Marietta Gibbs, was a daughter of Linus Gibbs and Polly Sackett Gibbs, and was born on a farm across the street from the place now occupied by Mrs. Dexter Loring and her daughter May, and adjoining on the north the farm of Mr. Frank N. Gibbs, a beautiful spot in summer but bleak and cold in winter, as my mother used to tell us when we were complaining of the cold in Evanston. She belonged to a large family, seven daughters and four sons, and as she was the sixth child there were five older and five younger than herself. The boys were younger than the girls and so the girls had to help with the farm work and I have often heard my mother tell how she had to get up at four-thirty every morning and milk four or five cows before breakfast; the house was loosely built and in winter the snow would drift in and very often she would have to wade through little snow-drifts in her bare feet before she could get into her stockings and shoes. After her morning work was done she walked about a mile and a half to school every day, rain or shine, and from all I can learn was usually at the head of all her classes. She wanted to fit herself for a teacher and so supplemented the learning acquired in Blandford schools by attendance at what was then known as one of the finest finishing schools in Western Massachusetts, Williston Seminary in Easthampton. After finishing here she taught for a long time in Russell, but how long I never heard her say and there is no one living now who can inform me on the subject.

When my father and mother reached the age of twenty-six they were married in the beautiful month of May and went to housekeeping in the little white house beside the bridge in North Blandford destroyed by the Springfield Water Company after they acquired possession of most of the little village.

They lived there five or six years and then moved across the bridge into what was then known as the Sprague House where they remained until my father could again establish himself in business and make a suitable living for us elsewhere. He went to work for Mr. Gurdon Bill of Springfield selling books by subscription and was so successful in gaining subscribers for his publications that in the course of two or three years he was offered the general agency of all books published by Mr. Bill if he would go to Chicago and establish a branch house. He accepted the offer gladly and located in Chicago on Clark Street near Madison where he did a flourishing business, even better than he anticipated, and in a short time was able to bring his family west.

He did not like the idea of bringing up his children in a large city and so chose Evanston for a home, as it was accessible to Chicago and at the same time had educational advantages such as few small towns could boast of at that time. The first three or four years of our stay in Evanston we lived in a rented home, but then my father bought a tract of seventeen and a half acres at \$175 per acre in what is now the heart of Evanston and erected a house on the north-west corner of it, in which he lived the balance of his life; in fact, it passed out of the family only last year—fifteen years after his death.

Shortly after he bought this tract a boom struck the town and he subdivided all that he had not reserved for the home site and sold most of it off at high prices, thus laying the foundation for the substantial fortune he afterwards acquired.

When he subdivided this tract he deeded to the city a strip twenty-three and one-half feet wide across the entire length of it to be used as a street; the owner of the property adjacent to it on the north deeded an equal amount and so the city acquired a nice wide street from Chicago Avenue to the Lake. It was named Lee Street in honor of General Lee of Civil War fame.

Our nearest railroad station was about a mile away at Davis Street and so my father went to the President of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad and after a good deal of pressure succeeded in getting a station within a short distance of his property and that, of course, made it more accessible and consequently more salable.

About this time my father was also actively interested in civic affairs and in assisting struggling churches, especially the First and Second Presbyterian Churches when they were erecting their church edifices. Evanston at that time was a small village of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants and those who had money had to put their hands in their pockets pretty deep sometimes in order that these necessary improvements could be made, and my father was one who was always ready to do his share towards making his home town attractive and consequently a better place to live and bring up his family.

While my father was looking after the wherewithal to keep the family pot boiling and assisting in civic affairs my mother was looking after the home and attending to the education of her children—and she was an inspiration in this direction as most good mothers are; it was the great ambition of her life that her children should be well educated and she instilled into us from early childhood the desire for learning so that when we reached mature years we might be fitted for a high place in this world of ours, so far as an education could fit us. After finishing at the graded school we all attended the North-Western University and my older brother and myself graduated with honors. My sister had a wonderful talent for art and left school before graduation to take a course in the Art Institute of Chicago, where she made great progress until obliged by sickness to give up her work for the time being, but resumed it later on. My younger brother liking business better than his books could not be inspired to wait until after graduation to follow out his inclination and so fitted himself for his life work

without the higher education my mother coveted for him, much to her regret.

Owing to my mother's sweet, amiable disposition our home life was almost ideal you might say; for when there was any friction in the family she always stood ready to pour oil on the troubled water and smooth everything out in such a way that in a short time it was forgotten entirely by both sides to the controversy. I can never remember to have heard my father and mother quarrel—they never agreed on every subject, but each would express his and her opinion, talk it over and then decide as to the best course to pursue and the one who gave up never cherished any resentment whatever, as some people seem to do if their opinion is not always accepted as decisive.

Since deciding to write this article it was my good fortune to come across in Chicago Evening Post a poem written by Edgar A. Guest. entitled *A Prayer*, that I think just seems to fit my mother's idea of life and I am going to quote it, feeling sure that if she did not offer the prayer in so many words she must have thought it daily or she could not have lived such a beautiful life as she did without a murmur or complaint, ayways sunny, always sweet and lovable.

A PRAYER

Lord, let me do my part
With courage and a willing heart,
Open my eyes that I may see
However dark the day may be,
However rough the road I fare,
The purpose of the cross I bear.

Lord, let me wake when morning breaks
Undaunted by my old mistakes.
Let me arise as comes the sun
Glad for the task that must be done,
Rejoicing I have strength to give
Some beauty to the life I live.

Lord, let me hear the kindlier things,
The morning song the robin sings,
The laughter of the children near,
Their merry whisperings in my ear,
My neighbor's greeting at the gate,
Let these shut out the speech of hate.

Lord, let me see the beauty here,
The sky above me bright and clear,
The smile upon a friendly face,
The charm of health and all its grace,
The roses blooming everywhere
In spite of hurt and grief and care.

Lord, strenghten me that I may keep
My faith, tho bitterly I weep.

Grant me undaunted to remain
Thru every storm of care and pain.
Lord, let me do my little part
With courage and a willing heart. .

A beautiful life is a great legacy to leave to a family and my sister and I both appreciate our good fortune in having such good parents far more than any other legacy they could possibly have left us.

They have gone, but the example they set us will never be forgotten but will live in memory as long as life shall last—and not only in our memory but in the memories of all those who knew them intimately will it be as sweet savor, never to be forgotten.

They were lovers all through their married life and in death were divided but the short period of thirty hours. They were buried in the same grave on a beautiful day in March, the twenty-first of the month in 1907; a regular June day with birds singing all about, the air balmy and genial, while overhead the sun shone brightly as if our Heavenly Father was pouring a benediction on the scene.

One of our friends when returning from the cemetery said: "I cannot believe I have been to a funeral—it seemed more like a pretty wedding"; and so, in sense, it was, for they were re-united in Heaven never more to be separated but to bask in the sunlight of God's love throughout eternity.

Although these two people have passed on into the great beyond they will always be remembered here on earth by those who knew them intimately for the sweet simplicity and beauty of their lives and their unselfish devotion to one another. Wealth, position and outside show are mere trappings and are soon forgotten, but a beautiful life on account of its rarity shines out as brightly as a lighthouse in a dark and stormy night and gives us just a glimpse of what Heaven may possibly be like—or what this earth would be like if everybody lived a sweet, simple and Christlike life.

Judged from this standpoint the lives of my father and mother were truly successful and a great heritage to their family and friends and it affords me great pleasure to offer this testimony to the members of the Gibbs Family who never had the pleasure of knowing them while living and to assure them that they were certainly a credit to them in every way and reflected honor on the name.

CLARA JOSEPHINE GIBBS LORIMER.
(Mrs. Robert Lorimer.)

